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Mr. H. B. Allen

London

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
MAGAZINES.

VOL. II.

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OF THE

MAGAZINES

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THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
MAGAZINES,
AND OTHER
PERIODICAL WORKS,

Selected for a Series of Years:

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS, MORAL TALES, CHARACTERS,
and other Fugitive Pieces, in Prose;

By the most eminent Hands; viz.

COLMAN, GOLDSMITH, MURPHY, SMOLLET
THORNTON, &c.

ALSO

Some ESSAYS by D. HUME, Esq;

Not inserted in the late Editions of his Works:

With many other miscellaneous Productions of equal
Merit.

*None of these Pieces are to be found in the Works that pass
under the Names of the above Authors.*

V O L. II.

ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLLOB EMANUEL RICHTER.

MDCCLXXV.



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ALBANY

Printed by GUTHRIE & EMERY, RICHMOND.

MDCCLXXV.

B E A U T I E S
O F T H E
M A G A Z I N E S.

D I S T E M P E R S of the M I N D cured.

S I R,

BEING bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great de-

triment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theaters to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The Rev. Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weathercock to a westerly point; and at present, whichever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house; instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present he never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

R. D.

Character of a CHOICE SPIRIT.

S I R,

THAT a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing, or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a Grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a Wit; and having forsaken his counter for *Comus's Court*, and dignified himself with the appellation of a *Choice Spirit*, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and, a few days since, affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, *The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Mansion-House*.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head, or his lantern, broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turn-

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was *a spirit of health, or a goblin damn'd?*" I told him, he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said, I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me, that Mr. *Twister* himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

To all true lovers of fun and jocularity.

"Mr. *Twister* will this evening take off a cat,
"worried by two bull-dogs; *ditto*, making love in a
"gutter; the knife-grinder and his wheel; High-
"Dutch squabble; and a hog in a slaughterhouse."

I assured

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals, the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if I chose a whet? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material from among them:

On one of the sconces by the chimney: A smart grizzle bob wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted:

On the opposite scone: A scratch.

On the window-seat: A Nankin waistcoat, bound with silver twist, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-skin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth

smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner: A walking staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau: A letter case, containing a play-bill, and a quack bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. *Twister*; another of four lines, which he calls a distich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, *An Extempore Epigram*.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced

vanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence, and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities, and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a *Choice Spirit*, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, Sir, &c.

A C I T I Z E N S F A M I L Y setting out for
B R I G H T H E L M S T O N E.

S I R,

THAT there are many disorders peculiar to the present age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will, I believe, be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increase of their fees from them. For instance, in the language of the advertisement, "Never were nervous disorders more frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady, who is not *na-a-a-arvous* to the last degree, though our mothers and grandmothers scarce ever heard the word *Nerves*: the gentlemen too are
affected

affected in the same manner; and even in the country, this disorder has spread like the small-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toss off a glass of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the same cordial with her tea, because it otherwise would make her low spirited. But there is an epidemical disorder, that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name, which seizes whole families here in town at this season of the year. As I cannot define it, I shall not pretend to describe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the same remedy is thought necessary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but spending the summer months in some dirty fishing-town by the seashore; and the water is judged to be most efficacious, where there is the greatest resort of afflicted persons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about business, when I was surprized to see a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and bandboxes. The front glass was screened by two round paper hat-cases hung up before it; against one door was placed a guitar-case; and a red sattin cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned against the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat rested upon each window. These preparations were

were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dressed in a Joseph of scarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black silk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miss, about sixteen years of age, had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink sattin, with a narrow edging of silver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white shag, and cocked behind, with a silver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dress, as he wore his usual pompadourcoloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a scarlet cloth waistcoat, with a broad tarnished gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them, if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the same time assuring me, that she was sorry to take Mr.—— from his business, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. “Health;” says the old gentleman, “I don’t understand your “whim-whams, not I: here has it cost me the lord “knows what in doctors stuff already, without your “being a pin the better for it; and now you must “lug me and all the family to Brighthelmstone.” “Why, my dear,” said the lady, “you know “Dr.—— tells me, there is nothing will do my “*spirits* so much good as bathing in the sea.” “The sea!” said the old gentleman; “why then “could

“could not you have taken lodgings at Gravesend,
“where I might have easily come in the evening,
“and gone back time enough for 'Change in the
“morning?” The good lady told him, that he had
no taste, that people of the best fashion went to
Brighthelmstone, and that it was high time their
girl should see a little of the world. To this miss
assented, by declaring, that indeed she had been no
where but to the play, and the Castle-concert,
since she had left the boardingschool. Both the
females then asked me an hundred questions, such
as, whether the sea looked green, and how much
bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave
them notice that every thing was put up. Accord-
ingly I saw them into the coach; and the old
lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her,
who, she declared, should go every morning into
the sea, as she had been told it was good for the
mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that
lodgings at Gravesend would answer all the com-
mon purposes of a jaunt to Brighthelmstone; for
though one pretence for visiting these places is *go-
ing into the country*, people in fact do not leave
town, but rather carry London with them. Their
way of living is exactly the same as here, and their
amusements not very different. They suffer them-
selves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging,
with not half so good a prospect, or so good an
air, as in the high road at Islington or Knights-
bridge. Their mornings are drauled away, with
perhaps

perhaps a faunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen hoys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-house, or the bookseller's, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no less heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to swelter in a croud, and be almost suffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing *summer* diversion of jigging to the delightful music of country scrapers,—to say nothing of the calmer and less sudorific exercise of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to dress in these public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh; consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a millener, and such an one, an hair-dresser, *from London*.

I am,

A sincere well-wisher to your paper, &c.

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.

Character

Character of a MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF
MAN.

S I R,

I H A V E always thought your Mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a Mighty good kind of man, if he has any, are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, Good Sir, your ever sincere
"and affectionate friend, and most obedient hum-
"ble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You observe
"very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear them-

selfes talk, makes him pass for a Mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with a "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal, and favourite topic of a Mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sun-shine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a Mighty agreeable companion, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he

should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fireside. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mama's esteem; and he is not only a Mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a Mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a Mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and I believe he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found, he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another Mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right," "my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their

favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a Mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, that was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow, he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at mealtimes, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a Mighty good kind of young man; and this even, placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We

We may observe, when these Mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise intitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a Mighty polite, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a Mighty good kind of man will make the attornies supply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his flow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the Medical College in Warwick lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much, as his being a Mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this *kind* of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character.

rafter. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these Mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these *kind* of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, Mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the Mighty good sort of Woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

N.

I am your humble servant, &c.

Character

C H A R A C T E R O F A
M I G H T Y G O O D S O R T O F W O M A N.

I SUPPOSE the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a Mighty good sort of woman; and doubtless every Mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The Mighty good sort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person, and *sorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a Mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families; and she ex-

tends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinheritor them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis 'time enough to marry yet,' till at last there is
nobody

nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a Mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are fluts, and good-for-nothing huffies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all Mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a Mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion:

gion: she never misses church twice a day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths; and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The Mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her half-pence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six-pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a Mighty good sort of woman, which renders her, as strange as it may seem, of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies—but—she has done with them;—other people will find them out as well as herself:—" "that's all the harm she wishes them."——

As

As the Mighty good sort of woman differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the Mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a Mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the Mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must
not

not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is—a Mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the Mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the Mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is a Mighty young, Mighty handsome, Mighty rich, as well as a Mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant, &c.

On

On the affected S T R A N G E N E S S of some
M E N O F Q U A L I T Y.

S I R,

AS you are a mighty good kind of man, and seem willing to set your press to any subject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of some part of our nobility towards their sometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no less common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who stares you full in the face, and seems quite a stranger to it; with whom you have spent the preceding summer at Harwich or Brighthelmstone; with whom you have often dined; who has often singled you out, and taken you under his arm, to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accosted you, all the summer, by your surname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I shall not attempt to describe the pain such right honourable behaviour, at first meeting it, gives to a man of sensibility and sentiment, nor the contempt he must conceive for such ennobled beings. Another class of these right honourable intimates
are

are indeed so far condescending, as to submit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the street; or even in the Park, if it be at a distance from any *real good company*. Their porters will even let you into their houses, if my lord has no company; and they themselves will receive you very civilly, but will shun you a few hours after, at Court, as a pick-pocket, though you be a man of good sense, good family, and good character, for having no other blemish than that your modesty or diffidence perhaps has occasioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many instances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little station, who has been a quality-broker, has often experienced; but I shall wave that, and conclude by shewing you, how certainly to avoid such contempt, and even decoy his lordship out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you, had you continued in his.

The method is this: suppose we see my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough-garden-walk; instead of meeting him, approach so near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye, for they are all very near-sighted, that he sees you, and that he is certain you see and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other side of the Mall, and my life for it, his lordship either trots over to you, or calls you, by your surname, to him. His pride is
alarmed;

alarmed; he cannot conceive the reason, why one, he has all along considered would be proud of the least mark of his countenance, should avoid taking an even chance for so great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be understood, that his lordship is not much offended at you, though he make you a visit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, lest you should him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with success, if any success, it is to be so noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do assure you, I had once the honour of being sometimes known to, and by, several lords, and lost all their friendship, because I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loss I do not at all find myself the worse.

I am your humble servant,

A PLEBEIAN.

On the ARROGANCE of younger Brothers of
QUALITY.

S I R,

THOUGH it is commonly said, that pride and contempt for inferiors are strongly implanted in the breasts of our nobility, it must be allowed, that their politeness and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well say,
He

He that has pride, not shewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all.

One may also affirm, with truth, of the British nobility, that he who has no pride at all, cannot shew less than they do. They treat the meanest subject with the greatest affability, and take pains to make every person they converse with forget the distance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the same education, and the same examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to see in them the same affable behaviour, the same politeness. But, strange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally see proud, insolent, and overbearing, as if he possessed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the estates in some boroughs, always descended to the younger brother. I have known one of these young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, because he would not disgrace himself with a plebeian alliance; and rather choose to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was so regardless of his birth, as to desire my lord his father to send him
to

to a merchant's counting-house for his education: but, though he has now one of the best houses of business of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's estate, his brothers and sisters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not scruple to deny his being their brother at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raises my mirth to hear with what contempt these younger brothers of quality speak of persons in the three learned professions, even those at the top of each. The bench of bishops are never distinguished by them with any higher appellation, than *those parsons*: and when they speak of the judges, and those who hold the first places in the courts of justice, to a gentleman at the bar, they say—*your lawyers*: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Askew, are, in their genteel dialect, called—*these physical people*. Trade is such a disgrace, that there is no difference with them between the highest and lowest that are concerned in it; they rank the greatest merchants among common tradesmen, as they can see no difference between a counting-house and a chandler's shop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen a more genteel means of subsistence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatsoever, except the army or the navy; as if no body was deserving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but persons of the first rank and distinction.

As I live so far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-Row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a visit from one of these younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries: he praises the furniture of my house, and allows my equipage to be handsome; but declares he discovers more of expence than taste in either: he can discover that Hallet is not my upholsterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in short, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with the Mansion-house for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-Row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is so cloyed with made dishes, that a plain joint is a rarity: my claret too, though it comes from Mess. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwise differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is but by for my Port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and she is further mortified with seeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damask chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raising his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of fashion, he is his most obedient humble servant, without bending his body, or looking to see who does him this honour. If any person, even under
the

the degree of a knight, speaks to him, he will condescend to say Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to say the one when he should say the other. If I presume to talk about any change in the ministry before him, he discovers great surprize at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, should differ so much from the people about Grosvenor-square. We are absolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the same species; and I find, it is as much impossible for us to know what passes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the person obliged; while his lordship's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The insolence which is so much complained of among noblemens servants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleness, high-living, and a consciousness of the dignity of the noble person they serve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no less dependent in the family than themselves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother must for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to solve this phe-

nomenon to myself, ever since the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to settle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was strongly recommended to a noble peer, who promised to assist me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordship, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil person, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he said I might leave it; and immediately snatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great surprize, a somewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I saw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himself, especially as he did not rise from his chair, or so much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addressed myself to him with—"My lord"—but was instantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dressing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the situation I was in, that if I had been treated with so much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what must I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and, taking me cordially by the hand, said, He was heartily glad

glad to see me. I was greatly distressed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordship who was so affable and courteous, and I could not suppose it was any body who meant to insult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and saying, "He was very happy that it was in his power to comply with the contents of it;" at the same time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother arose from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, said, "He should be proud of so valuable an acquaintance;" and, resuming his seat, proceeded to finish his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to observe the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before professed himself so proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been said, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of distinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

N.

I am,

Your humble servant, &c.

P E R S O N S o f Q U A L I T Y proved to be
T R A D E R S.

I A L W A Y S reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of imitating the French has been among people of fashion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boast of but his high birth, would scorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father should be as rich as the Buffs of the East Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodness of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but send their younger sons to a merchant's counting-house for education. But, I confess, I never considered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their esteem for trade; and I find, that the greatest part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even shopkeepers.

In the first place, we may consider many of our nobility in the same light with Beaver or Henson, or any other keepers of repositories. The breeding of running-horses is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the
horse

horse for a prodigious sum. What advantages must accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever: and if his lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse-flesh. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he should make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose, strange as it may seem, he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their

park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-Market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to pastry-cooks and fishmongers.

What shall we say of those who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter, when they are in town? Though these sportsmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers and hucksters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words: for an exchange was never denied to be a sale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and are properly stiled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business: what immense sums are received by those electioneering merchants, whose fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a seat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has *nursing* the estates of extravagant persons of distinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his shewing himself a true steward, but from the weight and interest he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets! And, perhaps, one should not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot,

not, at this last place, insure your house from fire, or a ship from the dangers of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother for any sum whatsoever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy, where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon sells his own body to a surgeon to be anatomised.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on
by

cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost. The markets, in which the multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are *chiefly* appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, New-market, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be *broken* merchants: and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been raised in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's sister, nephew, or natural son of any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, surely, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Sussex; and I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, should suffer like a deserter, or be keel-hauled to death under a first-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold posts and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am,

C

Your humble servant, &c.

On

O n P E D A N T R Y.

S I R,

TO display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very sound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a *hard name*, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mustiness that can only be contracted in a recluse and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college.

I know

I know a woman of fashion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it spits, that it mingles, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him; and if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling, who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach,

stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous longe against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a foretooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and flounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionable-ness of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they
have

have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation.

I am, Sir, &c.

A SUNDAY in the COUNTRY.

SIR,

Aug. 8. 1761.

AS life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many persons, to dullness and insipidity. You will easily conceive, that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impertinent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than any other part of the week, and would no more be restrained from their pleasures on this day, than they would keep fast on a fast-day; but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of

of every amusement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets loose from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Islington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those who have no business to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the playhouses, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are shut, and no places of public meeting are opened, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be who are immured in the old mansion-house in the country, and cloistered up, as it were, in a nunnery? This is my hard case: my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire;

nor

nor shall I be released from my prison till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor. My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and are near enough Astrop Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family-coach, to the parish-church, not a stone's throw off the house, for grandeur-sake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the ignorant bumkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to her chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-beef and plumbpudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whist, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting

ready for church, I began to tune my guittar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myself, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herself in the damp church, for fear of increasing her rheumatism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present by pretending an head-ach, and stole into my closet in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to stir out, and we shall sit moping and yawning at one another, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather, and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once

once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

On the MILITIA.

SIR,

Aug. 9. 1761.

THE weather here in England is as unsettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge from the appearance of the sky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a smile. An unexpected shower has obliged me to turn into the first inn; and I think I may e'en as well pass my time in writing for your paper, especially as I have nothing else to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Misses* and *Charming Misses* on the window panes.

As I had the honour to pay my shilling at the ordinary in this town with some of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to send you a few thoughts on that subject. With respect to the common men, it will be sufficient to observe, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can possibly exceed them. Their prowess in marauding

is unquestionable; as they are sure to take prisoners whatever stragglers they meet with on their march, such as geese, turkies, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect desert of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is possibly on this account, that a turkey bears so great an antipathy to the colour of red. These fellows are, indeed, so intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of provisions that falls in their way; and my landlord assures me, that as soon as they come into a town, they immediately lay close siege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by storm, and never give any quarter; as also, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I should have met with my old university acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at least two hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at his first accosting me, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly-familiar air, and a sliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am "glad to see thee"—and an hearty *Damme* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a Militia Captain is become a fine gentleman;

man; so fine a one, indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me, if I had not as well as himself, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack, I beg his honour's pardon, I should say Captain, has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and polished into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which some of his brother officers were composed. Yet these, I found, had in some measure cast their slough, and put on the martial gentility with the dress: such are the surprizing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for instance, every private man in his Majesty's Foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-soldier.

To the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficient in them as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. First then, with respect to dress and politeness of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword have metamorphosed our plain country 'squires into as arrant beaus as any on the parade. The short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings

and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted sword, with a flaming sword-knot. They have reconciled themselves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With these accomplishments, our bumkins have been enabled to shine at country assemblies; though it must be confessed that these grown gentlemen stand somewhat in need of Mr. *Dukes's* instructions. Some of them have also carried their politeness so far as to decide a point of honour with their swords; and at the last town I passed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the surgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the sword-arm, his antagonist directly pulled out his salve-box, and kindly dressed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is, cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia-gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may swear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I suppose, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and
even

even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed, they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder: some they besiege by secret sap and undermining, and some they take by assault. It has been frequently a practice in the most civilized armies, whenever they storm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to ravish the women; and it is from this example, I suppose, that our officers think it an indispensable branch of their duty to debauch the wives and sisters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention, as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly possessed of this

spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a peaceful summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader: and what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing serious, contrary to my usual humour. I have ordered my horse out—and having some miles to ride—so no more at present from

Your constant correspondent, &c.

On going to BATH, TUNBRIDGE, and other
WATERING-PLACES, in the Summer.

Nunc est bibendum.

Sadlers Wells.

IT has long been a doubt with me, whether his Majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or by spirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myself, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do less harm to the constitutions of my fellow-creatures than brandy, gin, or even British spirits. I own, nothing gives me more surprize in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than
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their almost unanimously concurring in ducking their patients in the sea, or drenching them with salt, steel, or sulphureous water, be their distemper what it may. If a man has a dropfy, they will not hesitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not scruple to give the strongest cordials sometimes in the most violent fever.

Though the faculty seem to agree, one and all, that every patient should visit some watering-place or other in the summer, I do not find they are settled in their opinions, what particular waters suit particular disorders. I have visited them all for my amusement; and upon conversing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great surprise, in Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, and Brighthelmstone, many persons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the same effects could be produced by steel, salt, and sulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent by different physicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island; for there is not an hole or bottom, in any county, that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much

pains to perish in it as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have, more than once, known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons, that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think, that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the ground-work of that cure, which the temperance and dissipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account they decline sending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-

Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Iffington-Spaw, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spaws in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spaw do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have seen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, asthmas, gouts, &c. as much as the visitors of the place: and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contracted a distemper that is best understood by the names of the *Hip* or the *Horrors*, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice: the doctor, I suppose a quack, by

by the low fee which he demanded, told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quartern, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine and follow the same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

I should, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very lasting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge-waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that

that the very good estate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was advised to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for so long a time; but such has been our amazing success, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

U.

The FAINT-HEARTED LOVER.

SIR,

I Do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady*: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my *Dulcineas* was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service

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is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharppointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together,

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I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthestmost corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant,

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

On

On a Handsome LANDLADY.

S I R,

Aug. 28. 1761.

IT has been observed of the writings of the late Harry Fielding of facetious memory, that he seemed never so happy as when he could get into the chimney corner of an inn kitchen. In like manner you must have perceived, that my letters to you during my rustication have favoured of the affection which I have always entertained for my honest friend landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I shall therefore make no apology for giving you an account of the reception I met with at the last inn I put up at; where, indeed, I sufficiently experienced the truth of the following observation of Bishop Corbet:

“All travellers, this heavy judgment hear!

“An handsome hostess makes a reck’ning dear;

“Each word, each look, your purses must re-
quite ’em,

“And every welcome adds another *item*.”

My horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to have been some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology,

logy, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of hers, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent oeconomical resolutions of eating only just a snap of cold meat, and away: of my own accord I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down; but my landlady dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted; and on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done. She then asked me, in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing? but though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she inticed me to toss up a glass of sherry to get me an appetite, which before she had concluded I could not want, and she even had the complaisance to pledge me. When dinner was served up, I was surprized to see a dish of eels brought in; and on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said, She thought I had ordered them; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part she was excessively fond of them. As that was the case, I could by no means consent to their being taken away; and after we had done with the fish and the chicken, a dish of

tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady intreated me to taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me or taken to herself a bit out of each sort. I should have told you, that during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, Rhenish, mountain, Lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a *cup*, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had. However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and order'd a simple bottle of Port. When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon, which she liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said she could drink a glass or two herself; but finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities, that passed between us,

till

till it was time for me to mount my horse; but I could not even then get away without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting, and her artifices so inveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer—chicken—wine, &c. might have been made out—for a smile—an ogle—a squeeze by the hand,—a chuck under the chin—a kiss, &c.—so much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an inn where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

I am

Your very hearty Friend,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL D E T A I L of every P A R T I C U L A R that passed at the C O R O N A T I O N.

D E A R S I R,

THOUGH I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from an one pair of stairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses in all the streets that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised

raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them, many being richly dressed, you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top, and stripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot-soldiers was placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprizing to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret, that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horseguards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any

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great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave me much pain to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, most unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-swords, bayonets, and musquets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers sily from time to time, some with half pence, and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash, to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was day-break, for I chose to go to my place over night, we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several persons, very richly dressed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be escorted by the soldiers through the mob to their respective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt. Their Majesties, to the shame of those be it spoken who were not so punctual, came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Westminster about nine o'clock. The King went into a room which they call the court of wards, and the Queen into that belonging to the gentleman-usher of the black-rod. The nobility and others who were to walk in the procession, were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requests, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from

rom whence the cavalcade was conducted into Westminster-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loss to understand me. My pass-ticket would have been of no service, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irresistible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance just as their Majesties were seated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her Majesty's chair was on the left hand of his Majesty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high constable, earl marshal, and other great officers. Four swords, I observed, and as many spurs, were presented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it seems, somewhere, in not sending for the dean and prebendaries of Westminster, &c. who, not finding themselves summoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choristers, singers, &c. among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this lesser procession from the Abbey, when the bishop of Rochester, that is, the dean, and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the King, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of gold cloth, the orb with the cross, a scepter with the dove on the top, another tip with a cross, and what they call St. Edward's staff. The Queen's regalia were brought at the same time, *viz.* her

crown upon a cushion, a scepter with a cross, and a rod of ivory with a dove. These were severally laid before their Majesties, and afterwards delivered to the respective officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there should be much confusion in marshalling the ranks. At last, however, every thing was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the west door of the Abbey was covered with blue bays for the train to walk on; but there seemed to me to be a defect in not covering the upright posts that supported the awning, as it is called, for they looked mean and naked, with that or some other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I shall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the procession, and only observe that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hastened from the Hall, and by the assistance of a soldier made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridgestreet, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendor and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their Majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency,

cency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their Majesties and nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopt short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their Majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their Majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and, after they were seated, and the usual recognition and oblations were made, the Litany was chanted by the bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion-service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted
only

only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his Majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unspeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The King was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands: after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation-robcs, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cross was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the scepter with the cross, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his Majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very instant the crown was let fall on the King's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a signal, the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitain

tain and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the bible to his Majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his Majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his Majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the Queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his Majesty: the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her Majesty then received the scepter with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his Majesty.

I can-

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their Majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when, after having made their second oblations, the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the King and Queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their Majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know, I have often said, that if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment, which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators,
even

even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his Majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself, that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lightening of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-suit has made you too well acquainted with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you; but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the inclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their Majesties in their chairs of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, &c. Conceive

ceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax-candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crouded with company for the most part elegantly and richly dressed: but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. To proceed in my narration—Their Majesties table was served with three courses, at the first of which earl Talbot, as steward of his Majesty's household, rode up from the Hall-gate to the steps leading to where their Majesties sat; and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the King. A loud clapping and huzzaing consequently ensued from the people present. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its representation last winter; but I assure you, it had a very serious effect on those ladies who were near him, though his horse was very gentle, as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl marshal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high constable, likewise on horseback: it is needless to repeat what passed on this occasion. I am told, that the horse which the champion rode was the same that his late Majesty was mounted
on

on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beast, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of dishes that were provided and sent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprizing quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their Majesties desert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their expressive devices. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedency to their successors, were placed at the head of the judges table above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within, nearest to the walls. You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters, I will not say of a different sex, were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-house, with a *Pray, remember the poor.*

You will think it high time, that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their Majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their Majesties. After the nobility were departed, the illustrious *mobility* were, according to custom, admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all the moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c. and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap as she sat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My

My wife desires her compliments to you: she was *hugously* pleased with the fight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid upon a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and desire to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the King by the

of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession, closed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his Majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her Majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity.

A Letter from a successful ADVENTURER in the LOTTERY.

S I R,

YOU will not be at all surprized when I tell you, that I have had very ill luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000 l. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when

when they have nothing to pay: they never care too, how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me as usual, for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—“*Pish*, O N L Y two thousand pounds!” However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t’other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper time. It is very kind in one’s friends to be willing to partake of one’s success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence, and, at parting, told me they

would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels: she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces, and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprized to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but smile, and Madam was greatly pleased, at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tattoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad
you

you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy, my two-and-fortieth cousin, out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, according to the complaint of most women, that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and China. She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me, though at a great loss, to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing; and she has further persuaded me, as we have had

F 3

such

such good luck, to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find, I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am,

Your very humble servant,

JEOFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they wo'n't desire me to treat them again.

On CHRISTMAS CARROLS.

S I R,

I REMEMBER Lord Bacon says somewhere, That superstition is worse than atheism. Though I will not determine in what latitude this opinion of the noble writer is to be taken, I will venture to affirm, that an ignorant zeal in religion has occasioned many shocking sentiments to be broached, that the greatest scoffers at Christianity would not dare to have uttered.

I was led into this reflection by having my ears pestered in every street this last week, by numberless

less women and children singing what they called Christmas carols, but what, if I had heard them in an alehouse, or if they had been sung by drunken people in a night-cellar, I should have thought the most bare-faced reflections and the grossest buffoonry upon the most sacred subject that could be devised by the devil himself. A poor woman with two children bundled at her back and one in her arms, and who, I am persuaded, was very far from knowing what she said, appeared greatly surprized at the indignation I could not help discovering while she was singing her carols, as I passed by her; and, I dare say, thought me a very wicked person for declaring, "If she presumed to utter another word out of the papers in her hand, I would have her committed to Bridewell." However, I believe, I made her perfectly easy, by buying up all she had, which I did to prevent her giving the same offence to any other. And, in hopes that some steps will be taken to prevent this profane treatment of sacred subjects, I have sent you the following extracts from what I purchased, which I find to be the same carols I have heard sung about the streets at this season for above these thirty years.

C A R R O L L.

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay,

Remember Christ our Saviour

Was born on Christmas-day

To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which had long time gone astray,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father

The blessed angels came

Unto some certain shepherds,

With tidings of the same;

That he was born in Bethlehem,

The Son of God by name. And, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,

Where our sweet Saviour lay,

They found him in a manger,

Where oxen feed on hay.

The blessed Virgin kneeling down,

Unto the Lord did pray. And, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,

The shepherds were beguil'd,

To see the Babe of Israel

Before his mother mild.

O then with joy and cheerfulness

Rejoice each mother's child. And, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,

All you within this place,

Like we true loving brethren,

Each other to embrace;

For the merry time of Christmas

Is coming on a-pace. And, &c.

C A R R O L II.

THE moon shines bright,
And the stars give a light,
And a little before 'twas day
Our Lord our God he called on us and bid
Us awake and pray.

The fields were *green* where *green* can be,
Where from his glorious seat
Our Lord our God he water'd us
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

And for the saving of our souls,
Christ died on the cross,
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ,
As he has done for us.

The life of man is but a span,
And cut down in his flower,
We're here to-day and gone to-morrow,
We're dead all in an hour.

My song is done and I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here,
God bless you all, both great and small,
And God send you a joyful new year.

C A R R O L III.

THE first good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of one;
To see her own son Jesus

To

To suck at her breast-bone,
To suck at her breast-bone.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of two;
To see her own son Jesus
To make the lame to go,
To make the lame to go.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of three;
To see her own son Jesus
To make the blind to see,
To make the blind to see.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of four;
To see her own son Jesus
To read the Bible o'er,
To read the Bible o'er.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of five;
To see her own son Jesus
To raise the dead to life,
To raise the dead to life.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of six;
To see her own son Jesus
To wear the crucifix,
To wear the crucifix.

The absurdity of making the holy Infant suck at
the breast-bone, for the sake of the rhyme, can
only

only be equalled by a Dutch picture which I saw when I was in Holland. To represent Abraham's sacrifice, the painter made the good old patriarch present a pistol to his son's breast, and you almost hear him say, Stand, and deliver; but, to prevent bloodshed, an angel was introduced watering into the pan; and, that the powder should not be thrown away, a crow was flying over Abraham's head to receive his shot. Though it was impossible not to laugh at the picture, I could not help being shocked when I reflected on the story here so shamefully disgraced.

To say the truth, the Dutch poets have full as coarse a manner of treating sacred matters as their painters. I have seen a representation of the creation in one of their shows, that would have been thought most profane and shocking under the management of an *Aristophanes* or a *Footie*. But as to our carrols, I think they must be offensive to any ears, unless they be truly Dutch; I would have them therefore exported to Holland. I could wish that the beadle of every parish would silence all persons who sing them in the streets, or will treat them as vagabonds, if they will not obey. I will venture to say, if his Majesty's birth-day was celebrated in such a stile of poetry screamed through the streets and lanes by draggled-tailed wenches, or roared out by drunken vagrants in sailors habits, every loyal subject would pelt the wretches with stones, or drag them to the next pump.

C.

I am, &c.

Dis-

DISPUTATIONS by the SOCIETY assembled
for FREE ENQUIRY, at the ROBIN HOOD
in the Butcher-row, on Monday Nov. 2. 1761.

Taken in short hand by PETER PERDUE.

D E B A T E S.

President. **G**ENTLEMEN, to order!
[*Knocks with his mallet.*

The first question upon the book, Gentlemen!
to be debated to-night, is this;

“Whether serpents did not walk upon legs, pre-
“vious to the temptation of Eve, and the fall of
“man?”

This question is signed *Adam Carrot*. Mr. Carrot,
will you please to open the question?

A man in a blue apron stands up. Mr. President!
I am a plain man, and follow the primitive employ-
ment of the first man, whom God formed of the
dust of the earth, and appointed to till the garden
of Eden. This garden, Mr. President, like my
garden at Hogsdon, had snakes in it; I say, Mr.
President, it is my humble opinion, that before
they was cursed by the Almighty, that, Mr. Presi-
dent—I say, Mr. President, I am inclined to think,
that they was of the species of fourfooted beasts,
which they call, I believe, quadruple legs, by reason
that, if it were not so, I do not comprehend the
meaning of saying to the serpent that tempted Eve,
that

that he should go upon his belly all the days of his life: I say, Mr. President! that if the snakes went upon their bellies without legs at that time, to tell the serpent, that he should go upon his belly all the days of his life, was saying nothing but what a beast so wise, as he is said to be, knew already. I have no more to say, Mr. President; if any other gentleman here is of another way of thinking, I should be glad to hear him. [*Sits down.*]

President. Does any gentleman at that end of the room choose to speak to the question? Any gentleman at that table?

A member rises. Mr. President! the worthy gentleman who spoke last, has had the honour of opening one point of knowledge, which, though clearly evident now it is insisted on, I do not remember to have ever seen mentioned before. I have the pleasure, Mr. President, of being entirely of his opinion: for it is said, Mr. President, that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; now, Mr. President, we do not call serpents beasts at this time of day; no, Mr. President, we call them reptiles! and you know, Mr. President, that a reptile signifies—a reptile, that is, something which scrabbles along how it can without legs: and, in another place, the Lord God, in speaking to the serpent, curses him above all cattle: so that, Mr. President, it appears to me, that he was no inconsiderable beast; for cattle is a term used in speaking of beasts of a larger species: thus oxen is called horned cattle; and as we believe

lieve this serpent to have been Satan himself, who from thence was called the Grand Deceiver, this serpent might be properly called a horned cattle too. [*A great laughing among the company.*

President, rapping with his mallet, To order, gentlemen! to order!

Member continues. I say, Mr. President, that the serpent might in this sense be termed a horned as well as a four-footed beast: but it is probable, that lest he should fright the mother of mankind, he put his horns in his pocket, as a man may say, and appeared like any other serpent; and it is very reasonable to think, from the expressions in the holy scriptures, that in consequence of the curses bestowed upon him, that his feet rotted off, and he was left in the miserable destitute condition his posterity has continued in ever since. Nay, Mr. President, that is not all the marks of disgrace which the serpent bears; for, like the infamous Cain, he bears the mark in his forehead: man was predicted to bruise his head: and I appeal to the experience of all this respectable society, if serpents has not a flat head, just, for all the world, as if a man had set his foot upon it. So that, Mr. President, I think I have proved, beyond doubt, that the serpent kind had legs before the fall of man; and I make no question but you are of the same opinion. [*Sits down.*

Mr. President. Any gentleman here choose to speak to the question?

[*Two*

[*Two members rise in different parts of the room*]

President, to one of them. Sir, a gentleman is up already on the other side of the room.

The member spoke to. Sir, I got up first, and I do not understand such usage. Sir, this here society is a society for free debate; and, Sir, I pay my three pence half-penny as well as that there gentleman, and claim the privileges I purchase by it: and I think, Sir, that as that part of my purchase which consists in beer is so very hard to be got, and so bad when it comes, I ought to be allowed my pennyworth of talking.

Several members call out together. Aye, aye, good beer, and free discourse. Some beer at this end of the room here.

President. Pray, gentlemen, behave decently: gentlemen, we do not come here to fuddle, I hope; but the waiters are coming up with some, and you shall be satisfied in time.

A member stands up. Mr. President, you talk very well; but I have not tasted a drop of drink since I came, and really my spirits are not exalted enough to speak to the question until I have some liquor.

President. Sir, you shall be inspired with the spirit of malt presently; and then, I hope, we shall all benefit by the effects of it.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

President. I beg, gentlemen, you would be silent. Sir, I think that you intended to speak to the question before this interruption happened. Silence, gentlemen! to order!

[*Raps.*
Member

Member stands up. Gentlemen, it appears to me——

President. Sir, you must always address yourself to the chair.

Member. Sir, I crave pardon for my mistake; but, as I was saying, Mr. President, that it appears to me, that we are all in the wrong in this matter. The fall of man, Sir, if we keep to the word of God, which all Christians hold to be the word of God; if, Sir, as—what I was going to observe—the matter appears very plain—I say it is evident—we ought not, I mean, do depart one tittle from the letter. Now, Mr. President, the holy penman never—that is to say, he always—the meaning of what I was going to observe is, in few words, that the serpent in the fall of man is called neither more nor less than a serpent. This, therefore, being the case, I cannot conceive how we are authorized, that is, how we are justified, in calling this here serpent, who, to be sure, was but a serpent; this, I think, is past doubt: therefore, as I observed before, I am—I mean, I am not clear—that is to say, I cannot conceive, by what authority we can suppose an evil spirit to make use of the serpent as a vehicle; observe well what I say, Mr. President; I say, a vehicle, whereby to deceive this here woman to her and her husband's destruction. Therefore, Mr. President, what I was going to remark is this,—I mean, I was going to observe that—in brief, I think it is demonstrably clear, that the serpent, before the fall, possessed the faculty—that is to say

say—I say it is evident, he could talk also—by which I mean, that as how serpents was created loquacious also; which I believe to be the reason why the woman contracted—that is, associated—I mean, it was from that cause the mother of mankind scraped so intimate an acquaintance with him.—

[*A great laugh here. The President knocks with his mallet.*]

But, Mr. President, if we suppose—that is, if we conjecture—for, to be sure, it is but a conjecture—that the serpent was possessed; that is, if the devil was in him; why then, Mr. President, there would be an evident absurdity,—I say it would be a palpable act of injustice, in so cruelly punishing the innocent serpent with the loss of speech, and to take away his legs. Therefore, since we are certain—that is to say, since we are so credibly informed, that this here serpent could talk, and had legs to walk like other cattle; and since we now see that he can only hiss, and that he has no more legs than this here stick in my hand; I therefore positively affirm, that the serpent himself, and he only, was the seducer of our common mother. The contrary supposition, Mr. President, includes a reflection on the moral justice of God, to make him punish the innocent for the guilty: a principle which—that is, a principle that—that is to say, I mean—I would say, I do not conceive how such a principle is reconcileable to the Christian system.

It would be more properer—but I must crave the indulgence of the good company while I—for really I am at this time greatly oppressed—I hope, Mr. President, that my exigency will be considered, and—that you will have patience while I only discharge a little water; for I can really hold it no longer: I am sorry to be so troublesome, but *Necessitas non habet leggem.*

[Retires into a corner to the large pewter receiver.

Returns. But as I was a saying, Mr. President.

President. [laying the Minute glass side-ways.]

Sir, I must hint to you that your time is expired.

Member. Sir, the glass, as I observed myself, was not out when I broke off my discourse; and therefore I think—that is to say, I humbly propose to the company, that I may be allowed to make two or three more observations which occur in the course of my argument——

President. Sir, you know you are allowed five minutes to speak to any question; and though, Sir, you meet with an interruption, yet, Sir, our time is but short, and therefore we cannot permit you to exceed your bounds. I imagine this is the sense of the company.

Omnes. Very right, Mr. President.

Member resumes. One word more, Mr. President, and I have done. You observed very judiciously, Mr. President, that we are allowed, or permitted to use, five minutes to speak to a question; but, Mr. President, I was not speaking—I ask the company's pardon, while I was making water:

water: therefore, Mr. President, as I was a saying, and I make no doubt but that all this good company, all the worthy gentlemen present, will allow that the time I spent in that act of necessity ought not to be—I would say, it ought to be not reckoned into the time of discourse, since it was not applied to that purpose. I have no more to say, Mr. President.

President. [after writing on a slip of paper.] I should be sorry, Sir, to give you any occasion to think me partial, or to suppose I wanted to suppress what you had to say: I must only act according to the rules of the society; but as we may improve our methods of disputation by new regulations, as circumstances occur, this seems to offer an opportunity of proposing a new case to your consideration, which may serve as a question at our next meeting. I have expressed it in these words.

“Whether, if a member meets with an involuntary interruption during his discourse, by a fit of coughing, a sudden impulse to evacuation, or from any other cause, the glass ought not to be laid sideways until he is able to resume it again.”

You gentlemen who are for having it debated, please to hold up your hands.

You on the negative side.

This question then, gentlemen, will be debated next Monday.

Does any other gentleman chuse to speak to the question in debate to-night, before it is closed?

A member rises. Please to read the question, Mr. President,

President. The question, Sir, is, "Whether the
"serpents did not walk upon legs previous to the
"temptation of Eve and the fall of man?"

Member. Mr. President, it is an odd question; I do not perceive its tendency! Suppose they were created with legs; what then? Suppose not, what are we the wiser? But, however material it may be to settle this point, what *data* have we to reason from? I have listened to the notable speeches it has given rise to, with as much gravity as I could retain; but, alas! I have not acquired one tittle of information, though I must confess, I have not entirely lost my time neither, having been treated with two or three involuntary laughing fits: and risibility is a very wholesome, and very entertaining mode of bodily exercise.

But to reason seriously: This question has arose from a literal acceptation of the unintelligible puerile story of the fall of man; a story which we cannot accept without giving up our understandings in exchange for it. A man was created in the image of God, who, for the paltry theft of an apple, brought death upon himself, and entailed depravity and death upon all his posterity! Now he himself was created with certain powers and faculties; could he incur just punishment for acting according to desires and feelings his maker constituted him with?

[*A hissing among the company.*]

President.

President raps with his mallet. To order, gentlemen! I beg of you.

Member continues. Pray, gentlemen, when a clock or a watch is erroneous in its movements, who is in the fault, the wheels, or the constructor of those wheels? Again, gentlemen, if a father gives a command to his young unexperienced child, will he knock him on the head for the first failure? or will he not rather give him a whipping, and fresh instructions dictated by the circumstances of his first fault?

I am told I am subject to a constitutional depravity in consequence of this apple-story. But the frailties of human nature may be much more rationally accounted for from the principles which, with your indulgence, I will briefly lay down, and which every thinking man's feelings will convince him to be true.

It will be granted me, Mr. President——

[*An universal hissing.*]

President raps, but the hissing continuing more violently, he desists. At last it subsides. Gentlemen, I am ashamed—Sir, I am extremely sorry you meet with such ungenteel usage; but I hope you will pass over it and go on.

Member. No, no, Sir, I see what treatment a person must expect, who——

[*The company exclaim—An Atheist! an Atheist! an Infidel! an Heathen! a Papist! he deserves to be sent to prison, &c. and at length break into parties; and, after many wise observations, in which*

the President, now abdicating the chair, was observed to call him as many hard epithets as the rest, they depart in great disorder.]

A C H A R A C T E R i n t h e B E D F O R D
C O F F E E - H O U S E .

S I R,

THERE is not a more whimsical creature under the sun, a woman excepted, than a coffee-house frequenter; one who makes the most insignificant things appear of the greatest consequence, and, in the space of one quarter of an hour, transacts more business than he who lounges away four. I have often thought, if a journal of one of these busy triflers was committed to paper, it would afford more entertainment to its readers than one from *London to Aleppo*. Having a little leisure time upon my hands a few days ago, I resolved to make trial of my abilities that way, which I here send you, if approved of, for the use of your paper. The occurrences of every coffee-house being pretty much upon an equality, give me leave to suppose the *Bedford*, as the most noted in this great metropolis. No sooner does one of these would-be-thought men of importance enter at the door, than he flies to the bar, throws his calico carcase half over it, runs his head full drive into Miss Barber's face, like an old *Roman* battering-ram against the walls of

of

of a city. "Pray, Miss, has Captain *Blunderbuss* been to enquire for me?" Being answered in the negative, he turns short upon his heel, trips to the other end of the room, and though the dial is placed directly over his nose, "*William*, says he, "what's o'clock;" "Past twelve, Sir." "*Anthony*, "give me some waste-paper." "Yes, Sir." Then exits at the back-door, and, after staying some time to do that which nobody is able to do for him, re-enters and seats himself in an indolent tooth-pick manner, as Lady *Townly* has it, calls for pen, ink, and paper, and scrawls over a genteel billet of about a line and a half. The porter must next be sought after, to convey it away with his usual dexterity.—Enter *John*.—You are now presented with a whispering-scene, in imitation of that between the physician and gentleman usher to the two kings of *Brentford* in the *Rehearsal*. "Make haste, and "I'll wait here till you come back."—Exit *Mercury*.—To kill the tedious moments till the return of the messenger, a news-paper is ordered to be brought upon the tapis, which he carelessly runs through, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare music, then lays it aside, swallows a couple of warm jellies by way of provocative, disturbs the company in the next box by humming or whistling *Murdoch O' Blaney*, or any other polite air most in vogue; and as a farther proof of his good-breeding, beating time with the paper upon the table, curiously rolled up in the form of a *tragedy* truncheon, when all the while some ravenous *quidnunc* is waiting

with the most eager expectation for the happy possession of it. At length, like an infant cloyed with the jingling of his own coral, he starts up, repairs to the looking-glass, and pays his addressee to his own sweet phiz, which, by the by, is as ugly as the late unfortunate *The. Cibber's*, or the renowned *Mary Squire's*, adjusts his stock, strokes his eye-brows, and cleans his teeth with his pocket-handkerchief, with many other little embellishments very necessary towards setting off a *pretty fellow* to the best advantage, till, suddenly interrupted by the appearance of his ambassador, the whispering-scene is a second time represented, and *John* is rewarded with six-pence for his diligence and ingenuity. To the bar he then goes again, and gives Miss *Barber* another representation of the battering-ram, puts the good-natured lisper out of countenance, by thinking to shew his wit in some fulsome double entendre, discharges his reckoning, and concludes the farce by way of epilogue, with, "If the Captain should come, he will find me at 'the *Shakespear*.'" Thus a full discovery is made of *John's* important embassy, like all other grand secret expeditions before they are ever put in execution.

I am, Sir,

Lincoln's-Inn, No. 12.

Dec. 23, 1761.

Yours, &c.

O. SNARLER.

A Genuine

A Genuine Sketch of MODERN AUTHORSHIP.

I AM one of those exalted geniuses who, for the most part, lodge in a garret, and, as the phrase is, live by their wits. It is my employment to supply the republic of letters with sonnets, odes, epigrams, and acrostics, and in humble prose with translations from the original *English*, surprizing love-tales, full and faithful narratives, remarks on late transactions, and considerations on the present posture of affairs: in short, whatever hath come from the press of late years by an impartial hand, a lover of truth, a well-wisher to his country, a gentleman abroad, or a person at home, are the genuine offspring of my fertile head-piece.

That yo may be the better acquainted with my merits, and the occasion of my giving you this trouble, I must inform you, that I am a native of Ireland, the younger son of a gentleman, who derived his pedigree from a noble family in that kingdom, with what justice I cannot pretend to determine. My father gave me an education liberal enough for those parts. I could read, write, and figure tolerably well, and my head was furnished with a reasonable quantity of Latin; but as I was never likely to inherit any part of his small estate, he began to think of putting me into some way of doing for myself, and with this view I was soon after

after articted to an attorney in Dublin. The city was quite new to me, and I was quickly singled out by a knot of young fellows, who helped me to squander away my little allowance, and initiated me into a more agreeable method of spending my time than in copying writs, ingrossing deeds, and making long bills for our customers. By these means I contracted such a thorough aversion to the use of my pen, that in three months time I ran away from my master, and gave myself up entirely to my new companions, hiding myself in the day-time, and scouring the city all night. In this way of life, I soon contracted more debts than I was able to discharge; and being besides taken notice of for some few misdemeanors and breaches of the peace, I had no other alternative, but to serve his Majesty, or go instantly to gaol; I chose the former, as the least evil of the two, and enlisted myself into a marching regiment, with which in a few weeks after I was shipped for Germany, without ever acquainting my father with this change in my situation, and of my having laid down the quill for the more honourable profession of the sword.

I will not detain you with a relation of my military adventures, of what I suffered and atchived during a five years service: it is enough to tell you, that upon concluding the famous treaty at Utrecht in 1713, we were sent home and disbanded, and thus I became once more my own master. A wandering genius, and a desire of seeing something more of the world, brought me to this metropolis, which

which took my fancy so much, that I began to think of ending my travels, and taking up my abode here, provided I could meet with any employment that would keep me from starving. While I was busied in these thoughts, fortune threw in my way a tall slender personage of the age of fifty, with a meagre aspect, an old campaign wig, and a coat that seemed to have been made for him before he was full grown, and to have been worn by him ever since; care and contemplation were seated upon his brow, and it was not easy to say, whether his leanness arose from poverty or hard study; and he appeared in my eyes to be nothing less than an almanack-maker, or an alchymist, who was master of the secrets of nature, and dived into the book of futurity, to learn his own and other people's fortunes; I judged him a very fit person to consult with in my emergency, and one who was likely to steer me out of this sea of troubles into the port of plenty and good fortune. Addressing myself therefore to him in a very submissive strain, and bribing his benevolence with a pot of strong beer, which seemed to relax something of the severity of his features, I ventured to lay before him the state of my affairs, and consult him upon some plan of future operations.

"Young man," said he, "I can point out to you
 "the path not only to subsistence, but renown. I
 "discern your qualifications in your countenance,
 "and venture to predict, that you will one day
 "stand the foremost in the rank of modern authors.

"If

“If you can but read and write, your way to glory
 “is easy and expeditious.” “Thanks to my parents,”
 said I, “I am perfect enough in both these ac-
 “complishments, if they are the ones which are
 “necessary to such an employment.” “Know,” he
 replied, “that I am an author by profession, not
 “hindmost in the lists of fame, though I set out
 “with no greater furniture, than what I just now
 “mentioned; for you must learn, that as there is
 “nothing new under the sun, so the art of writing
 “now-a-days is no more than the art of saying over
 “again what hath been said a thousand times al-
 “ready: nothing therefore is requisite to an author
 “of the present day, but boldness in transcribing
 “from those who have gone before him, and a
 “little dexterity in applying what they have wrote
 “to his own time, and the subject which he hath
 “in hand.”

I was furnished with a native stock of impu-
 dence, which I had not run out during my stay in
 the army; and as I had learned so easy a method
 of turning it to account, I made no difficulty of
 embracing the proposal. I kept close to my tutor,
 who treated me with great unreservedness and
 good nature. Under his instructions I made con-
 siderable improvements in a very short time, and
 was initiated into all the mysteries of authorship.
 With a set of news-papers, an old gazetteer, a
 new art of poetry, an English dictionary, and a
 bundle of dirty pamphlets, procured at very easy
 rates, I entered upon my new profession. My first
 care

care was to hire an apartment up three pair of stairs, for the convenience of being near to the shop, and to give myself some importance in the eyes of the booksellers; for there are some things which custom and use have so closely connected with others, that they seem to be of the essence of the subject, and cannot be separated so much as in idea: of this kind are a bishop and lawn sleeves, a lawyer and the gown, an author and his garret; and I will add too, a patriot and a pension. If any one should question the justice of my last instance, I must refer him, for complete satisfaction, to my new system of patriotism, which is now in the press; wherein I have shewn at large, the perfect similarity and congruity which subsists between these two ideas, and demonstrated upon principles, which no man will venture to dispute, that the patriot was made for the pension, and the pension for the patriot. * * * *

My first attempts were in verse, which succeeded tolerably for a young beginner; complaints of cruel mistresses, satires upon the inconstancy of the sex, and all those unmeaning topics which swarm in every poetical miscellany, paid the rent of my garret through the winter, and helped me to a comfortable livelihood into the bargain; but growing too adventurous, and soaring above myself, I met at length with a fall. A set of pastorals, which my bookseller absolutely refused to meddle with, lay upon my hands above three months, and almost reduced me to death's door, before I could meet
with

with a purchaser: this unlucky accident put me out of humour with the muses, and made me determine to try my talent at plain prose.

Having it hinted to me by two or three of the trade, that in the present dearth of news, a volume or two of travels might take with the public, I offered them my service to go to any part of the world which they would chuse. They seemed to think, that the tour of the East would be as profitable a one as any I could make; and being furnished with books, and other necessary instruments, I finished my travels through Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, in less than a month's time, without stirring out of my garret, and they were immediately published in three neat pocket volumes.

The taste of the age being pretty much turned for intrigue and gallantry, I was next engaged in writing secret histories, memoirs of the court of * * * *, and adventures of rakes and ladies of quality. It would be tedious to recount the several stages and revolutions of my art, in which I was a mere Proteus, every thing by turns, but nothing long: if I excelled in any one branch of science more than another, it was in politics. This was my master-piece; and vanity apart, I believe I went beyond all who have gone before me, or shall come after me.

In matters of government I was like the academics, who you know were a set of philosophers, that maintained both sides of a system with great fluency, and believed one as much as the other.

I had

I had no opinions of my own, but could write and dispute for any which happened to be in vogue. I took care to have by me a ready stock of panegyrics upon ministers in place, and invectives against those that went out; for I have observed, that all men in office have nearly the same good qualities, and those who are out the same bad ones. I have wrote for and against continental connections within the month, and with great applause. I have demonstrated the divine original of monarchy in one pamphlet, and in the next asserted the rights of the people. I have shewn, that we could not be fifty millions in debt without being bankrupts, and upon the next rise of stocks have made out as clearly, that the danger of straining our public credit was a mere fiction. I have proved incontestibly, that the English nation was upon the brink of ruin in a wet spring, and have hailed them conquerors of the world before autumn.

In the year 1745, I composed an elaborate defence of hereditary right; but things taking a different turn to what was expected, I published the same piece, after having undergone some necessary alterations, as a panegyric upon the act of settlement, and the glorious Revolution. Thus diligently did I observe the times and the seasons; for it is the grand secret with us political writers, and I have never known it to fail of success: it is the only infallible way to guide the voice of the nation, and be quoted with applause in all taverns and coffee-houses. I wrote for the people, I studied

died every look, feature, and cast of their eye, traced them from gay to cloudy, and from cloudy to gay; collected every voice, numbered their nods, winks, and significant shrugs, and laboured with indefatigable pains to catch, drag home to my garret, and draw out upon paper before they were changed, the politics of that minute. Many an half-finished piece hath been thrown aside, many an embryo and shapeless conceit been suppressed upon a sudden change of the wind, or an unexpected express from abroad. My works, if they were in being, when compared with their dates, would speak for me how well I had calculated them for their day: but, alas! poor works! born in an unlucky hour, fated to flourish one day and sink the next.

How hard is the lot of modern performances! instead of being a match for the thunderbolts of Jupiter, the devouring flame, the edge of the sword, the maw of time, or being more durable than brass, the boast of ancient bards, such flimsy materials as ours were never contrived to turn a bullet, they are driven away with the wind, drowned in the jakes, and consumed with the blaze of a farthing candle. I declare to you upon the word of an honest man, that I have wrote volumes enough in number to compose a handsome library. But I believe, upon the strictest enquiry, there could not above three or four of them be found at the present instant. These eyes, these eyes have seen whole cart-loads fetched away by
pedlars

pedlars and tobacconists; and thus, to my unspeakable misfortune, I have lost the most unexceptionable witnesses of my patriotic zeal. But notwithstanding I will venture to affirm, with all becoming modesty, that I have been the most public spirited person breathing: *Si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio quam sit exiguum*, that is to say, if I have any brains at all, which I am very sensible can be but few, they have every fibre of them been at work for the public good.

I have ruined my health, wasted my spirits, and exhausted my little stock of wit in the service of my country. I now begin to find myself absolutely unfit for business; and having sat for near fifty years at the helm of politics and literature, I am obliged to quit the ship which I am no longer able to steer. I will now withdraw into a port of safety, where I hope to enjoy a calm old age, to wash my hands of this world, and prepare for another. Though I richly deserve a pension for my signal services to these kingdoms, I shall content myself with an invidious provision for my declining years, by way of subscription to a work which I shall give some account of below. I should not have troubled you in this manner, but that my bookseller, who had engaged to print it as a work of a society of gentlemen, which at present is the fashionable way of recommending a bulky performance, upon some little quarrel arising between us about the profits, positively refused to have any thing to do with it.

Thus I find myself necessitated, fore against my will, to apply immediately to the public; for I mortally hate every thing which carries the least appearance of vanity and ostentation, and would chuse to sit in silence, and leave my service to speak for themselves: but, as things are circumstances, I must submit to be the trumpet of my own praises, and lay my undoubted claims before the world. If you will permit your Magazine to be the vehicle of my modest request to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, you will eternally oblige,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble Servant,

Grub-street,
Feb. 20, 1762.

ELIAS MOUNTGARRET.

AN ESSAY ON GHOSTS.

"Happy the man, who tracing nature's laws,

"Sees and adores one all controuling cause;

"Borne on the wings of fair philosophy,

"Devils, and ghosts, and death, he dares defy;

"Looks down on superstition with disdain,

"And bears, unmov'd, the knockings of COCK-

"LANE."

SIR,

FOR the entertainment of your readers in the country, you ought to give us an essay upon ghosts, which

which at this time is the most seasonable subject you can hit upon; I have no objection to your paying your respects sometimes to Freethinkers, if you will but believe one honest truth, that they are proof against all the raillery, reasoning, or wit you can employ; nor to your sliding into politics, if you will but allow, that the characters of ministers of state are seen through a very deceitful medium, and that from the vast complication of human events, we are sometimes led to condemn what we ought most to admire; nor to your talking of ways and means, provided it be granted, that no man cares about them, if he can but raise *his own supplies* within the year.

I thought superstition had lived in the country; but it seems it goes to town for the winter season. We have not a news-paper that does not contain a long account of the proceedings in Cock-lane. The only contention among your compilers of chronicles is, who shall give the best history of apparitions. I impatiently look for "a cessation of arms betwixt the Russians and the Prussians;" and I read, "that there was no knockings heard last Friday, only about seven o'clock there was a little scratching." I flatter myself, that the next paragraph will contain an account of the junction of the houses of Austria and Brandenburg against the conspiracy of the family of Bourbon; and it is nothing but a conversation betwixt Fanny and the Rev. Mr. M——

I am in hopes that the postscript will cheer me with relating a successful expedition of Luckner against the French, and, give me patience, heavens! it is nothing but an idle story, about a detachment of spectre-takers sent to a vault to hear a noise, which might be heard much more commodiously in Miss Parsons's bed-chamber. If our papers were under proper regulation, they might be the vehicles of instruction, amusement, and morality; but when they are stuffed with tales calculated to set a superstitious imagination at work, and supported by the countenance of men of character and learning, the whole kingdom will be peopled with absurdities and chimeras. The village where I live enjoyed much peace and quietness for many years; but this Smithfield story has occasioned a world of wrangling and dispute, terror, and credulity. A neighbour of mine, a warm advocate for the new ministry, will needs have it to be nothing but an artifice of Mr. Pitt's friends, to draw the attention of the kingdom from considering the errors of his administration. The sexton is a firm believer, the clerk a half one, and the parson a quarter. There is not a house in the country round about, that has not been haunted some time or other; and no body walks through the church-yard but myself: my wife would be an infidel, if it was not for Saul and the witch of Endor: my daughter is become a convert to my opinion; but she relapses every time there is knocking at the hall door, and the whiteness of her cheeks is apter than her tongue to tell her

her fears; every night one or other of my family is terrified by some dreadful dream; and I am obliged to take proper caution for fear Betty, who is at her wit's end, should entrench herself in the arms of John against all midnight hobgoblins.

If the genius of a people is marked by the occurrences that make the greatest noise among them, what estimate shall be made of the understanding of the present time? In the middle of the eighteenth century, in the reign of George III. in the metropolis of Great Britain, and under the meridian of philosophy—the ridiculous rumour of a speechless female ghost, throwing an innocent girl into convulsions, and answering scandalous questions by knocks, gains so much ground, as to become the subject of universal conversation—to be credited by some, debated by more, and examined by all! The house where this farce is transacted is frequented by thousands of people, visited by persons of distinction. The accomplices in this trick receive no molestation in carrying on their imposture, and spread defamation and mischief with impunity; the journal of the night is regularly retailed to the public the following day. Clergymen celebrated for their piety and learning; authors renowned for their prodigious talents, form themselves into committees, and enter seriously into the confutation of what confutes itself; and by the dignity of their own great names give a sanction to vulgar fears and suspicions. This transanction continues for many weeks, and becomes with some

persons the test of faith. Immediately all the ghosts of antiquity rise out of their dormitories, and all the wild dreams and imaginations, which imposed on former ages, are revived to gratify the curiosity of a people, prepared to receive any absurdity whatsoever.

If there were no executions, nor coronations, nor expeditions, nor battles, nor lies; if there was any dearth of scurrility, or any famine of politics, we might be indebted to Miss Fanny to entertain the intervals betwixt dressing and cards; but when there is plenty of all these, what occasion is there to have recourse to so low an expedient?

In the most dismal and direful tragedy in which Britons ever acted a part, the plot is suspended, the events are disregarded, the machinery is all at once interrupted,—and for what? the scene opens, a bed with a child in it is seen upon the stage; the spectators stand around waiting with solemn looks and starting eyes: the scratching proclaims the spirit near: hark! it knocks!—Again—again. It tells the hour of the night very nearly; it distinguishes a clergyman even by his dress; it counts the number of persons in the room, within one or two; the sound is audible and distinct, yet no person knows from whence it comes. Astonishing! how can it be accounted for? Every eye is fixed, every ear listens, and all other concerns are neglected, or postponed, till the strange mystery is revealed.

I do

I do not know whether philosophers have ranged ghosts under the classes of bodies or spirits, or whether they call them only impalpable substances; but the genealogical account of them, as nearly as I can collect it, is this: pride committed a rape upon innocence, and produced fear; fear entered into a contract with ignorance, and their legitimate offspring was superstition; guilt married superstition, and from their inseparable embrace proceeded a ghost. From this fertile parent descended an innumerable family of elves, spirits, apparitions, fancies, spectres, and hobgoblins, which at first only associated with traitors and assassins, but afterwards persecuted the just and virtuous for a long succession of ages. They have been wandering, like Jews, all over the world, and flourished or decreased according to the reception they have met with. There are few countries in which they have not been respected; they have found patrons among the most learned men, from Luther down to the committee of Cock-lane: their Augustan æra was under our British Solomon, king James, of pedantic memory; since that time they have been very much upon the decline, and were thought to be extinct, till Miss Fanny began her achievements, to the great wonder of mankind, and thus rescued the reputation of her ancestors.

NEWS FOR THE YEAR 1862.

FOREIGN NEWS

PARIS, *Jan. 1*, 1862.

THIS day Chancellor Noailles received the annual prize from the Academy of Fashions, for his new invented machine for curling feathers.

Monsieur Volage, superintendant of the Italian Comedy, is chose secretary for the marine department; and Signior Senza Pietra, from the Opera-house, grand master of the ordnance.

BERLIN.

We hear that an English soldier was publicly whipped there for selling a remnant of London broadcloth to his landlord, to discharge his wife's lying-in expences. The grenadier was punished upon a law made by Frederic the Great, as it is said, which prohibited the vending English cloth in his dominions. But there must be some error in this account; for we know that monarch received a large subsidy from England, to the amount of 600,000 guineas annually; and a Prince so remarkable for his strict adherence to justice would never be guilty of such flagrant ingratitude.

From Vienna we are informed, that the precious relics, which had been enshrined for upwards of ninety years, *viz.* Maria Theresa, her Apostolic Majesty's great toe-nail of the right foot, and what
was

was to have been exposed to the people on the Emperor's name-day, is missing; which occasions great speculations among the politicians throughout all the courts in Europe.

B R U S S E L S.

Since the forming Flanders into an Imperial domain, eleven Emperors have been crowned here: and his present most Evangelic Majesty has this year been pleased to remit those taxes the Dutch used annually to pay him for cutting turf in Holland, out of his extraordinary clemency, it having been proved, they are unable to raise the tribute; for that once flourishing country, called then the United Provinces, by the encroachments of their envious neighbours, and their own stupidity, is almost all swallowed up; which has been entirely owing to the intrigues of a French faction, who, as the historians of those times record, lulled them into a state of defenceless inactivity.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E.

The Grand Signior made last year a promotion of general officers.

Mabomet Beg, the Water-carrier's son, *Grand Vizier*. *Mustapha*, the Sherbet-seller, *Bostangi-Ben Saddi*, the Turband-twister, *Basha of Natolia*. *Caprara*, the Arrow-pointer, *Cadi of Adrianople*.

So that, in Turkey, still merit more than birth recommends men to great places. Now although it is not proper our kingdom should be so regulated; yet, if sometimes here a man, who was not
born

born to a tittle, might be allowed any chance of making his fortune without being a freeholder, people in England would take pains to accomplish themselves in arts and sciences; but party destroys even the good intent of generous institution; and Malignity, Pride, and Ignorance prevent Merit from making its way to Independency.

They write from Lyons, that a surprizing phenomenon was lately seen there, consisting of an opaque body, darting perpendicularly towards the zenith; the length of whose tail formed an arch of 45 degrees; and when it was vertical to the gentleman who sent us this account, it burst with amazing explosion, occasioned, as we suppose, by the ætherial density, being more than ordinary impregnated with nitrous particles, and kindling by its extraordinary velocity, was the immediate impulse of that instantaneous irruption which followed, sprinkling the atmosphere with fiery *Stellites*, as if the fret-work of the Milky Way was raining upon our heads.

P. S. A drunken Englishman is this moment put into the Inquisition for asserting—this unusual appearance, which had alarmed our Electrical Collegians so much, was only a sky-rocket he let off himself.

The King of Corsica has published an order, forbidding the Genoese from using of any ice but what they import from his kingdom.

VENICE.

V E N I C E.

The Doge and Senate sat very late last night, on the subject of what sort of masks must be used next Carnival; and this morning a placart was put up round St. Mark's-place, forbidding any other to be worn than those made of Papier Maché. This will bring in a great revenue, as the government have all the paper-works.

L O N D O N.

Great interest is making for Brief the gambler, who killed Mr. Jeltby with a case-knife, for detecting him with false dice in his pocket; it is said the murderer will be pardoned, because he married the Duchess of Phaeton's Swiss hair cutter's sister.

The great match so long depending, concerning the eleven games at put, between Paddy Murdoch the chairman, and Sooty Dun the chimney-sweeper, on which large betts were depending, was determined yesterday morning in Bow-street night-cellar in favour of the former.

Last week at Newmarket there was a race for 500, between the wooden leg walker and a hamstringed hog. It was six to four at starting upon Timber-toe, and large sums were laid; but he lost it by half a distance, his artificial leg breaking in the middle—and *the knowing ones were all taken in.*

The Countess of Hurricane's rout is postponed to the 10th instant, on account of her parrot being seized with an epilepsy.

The

The great match at cricket between eleven maids of Hampton-court, and eleven wives of Windsor, will be played one day next week in Bushy Park.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ladies may be furnished with half boots for snipe-shooting, at Mr. Broderic's, Crane-court, No. 7.

Gentlemens muffs, made of a curious sortment of fables for the out-sides, and lined with the utmost neatness and precision, with the softest velvet mole skins; they being found, when heated by the animal spirits of the fingers, to add by their effluvia that delicate cream-colour tint to the hands, which is now the only complexion made use of.

Whereas the Company of Spouters thought proper to publish a prize, to be bestowed on him who could repeat *Honorificabilitudinitatibusque*, ofteneft in a breath; and as the premium was given to me—I propose to give lectures upon volubility and vociferation at Westminster-hall coffee-house, the Gun at Billingsgate, and Jonathan's in Change-alley, some time in March next.

Essence of Chinese cream to be sold by the importer; also the true Turkish water, for spotting lap-dogs skins, now used by the ladies in the Seraglio, at the Carved Lamp, Piccadilly.

Whereas I have lately gained a patent for my new invented shoe-strings; this is to let gentlemen and ladies know, that I am removed to the Piazza Covent-garden, where all orders shall be punctually observed by their humble servant,

H. NARROW.

N. B.

N. B. Lady Languish's daisy-water, to be had only at the old original water-warehouse, at the New River Head.

The true He Tortoisshell Cat, to leap this season at ten guineas a pufs, and half a guinea to the servant.

Tortoisshell got Miss Tabby, and Moll Mouzer, and Grimalkin, who won the great scratching match; he is full brother to the Purring Stallion, who got the famous Rat-catcher, who came out of the African Filly Cat, O Mountain.

The 60th. Night,

At the Theatre in COVENT-GARDEN,

This present Evening will be performed

The Comic Opera, called

C A T O,

Modernised from Mr. Addison,

With the last new Pantomime, called

HIGGLEDE PIGGLEDE.

The whole to conclude with the celebrated Representation

Of an *Auto da Fe* Procession.

At the Opera-house, this Evening,

Will be exhibited the last Serenata, called

BURLETTA AFFETUOSA.

The Dog and Cat Duet, by the two Pasquawlini's;

First Jews-harp, by Mynheer Grotinghen;

A Solo on the salt-box, by Picklini.

Pit and Boxes 10s. 6d. Gallery 5s.

The

The *Chinese* Company of Rope-dancers only perform in London nine nights more, being obliged to go to Dublin, as their grand subscription opens there in three weeks. But to oblige the persons of quality in England, from whom they have received such signal favours, they shall play at only the usual Prices, viz. Boxes 7s. 6d. Pit 5s. Gallery 3s.

Signiora Errantissima, from Padua, proposes to oblige the ladies and gentlemen of England with four more Concerts, at no more than one guinea each ticket.

N. B. Ladies with hoops will not be admitted.

For the benefit of Muley Molock, from Africa, who imitates all the wild beasts voices at the Opera-house, on Thursday next will be performed the Burletta, called NOAH'S ARK.

Boxes and Pit laid together at half a guinea.

Gallery 5s.

For the benefit of Mr. Coventry, Mr. Darby, Mr. Exeter, Miss Kent, Mrs. Suffex, and the widow Lincoln,

At the Theatre in Drury-lane, on Monday next,

Will be revived a Tragedy, called

H A M L E T,

Not acted these thirty years.

With several alterations to the present times.

Boxes 4s. Pit 2s. 6d. 1st. Gallery 2s. Upper
Gallery 1s.

N. B.

N. B. We humbly hope, that the prejudice which the polite part of the town has imbibed against us, because we are English actors, will for this one night subside, as we have let our theatre, at the particular desire of the members of the Whist and Jockey Clubs, for the remainder of the season to the famous Italian Slight-of-hand artist.

The Pigmies are desired to meet their Grand at brother Dapper's, about changing their feast from the shortest day of the year.

Bird-cages and squirrel-huts made in the newest Muscovy taste; the proprietor of the patent, for his late improvements in those articles, keeping a person at a vast expence in Siberia to send over the newest patterns.

Wanted a genius who can crow like a cock, or bray like an ass, or take off the Hottentots, or cry like a Jackall—such a one, by applying at the Choice Spirit-house, the sign of the Go-cart in Puddle-dock, may meet with encouragement.

MYNHEER SOOTERKIN HOOG STRAAT, from the Cape of Good Hope, effectually eradicates all traces of the scurvy, gives ease at once in all acute pains arising from stones lodging in the urinary passages; extracts *Funguses* from the bladder; restores old and young to their sight, the distemper arising either from coagulations of the retina, mortifications of the *optic nerve*, or *gutta serena*, by his *Lymphatical Lotion*; or Bullrush Elixir.

N. B.

N. B. All patients discharged from the hospitals as incurable, he engages to make sound in a week's time.

He is to be heard of every Monday and Thursday at the academy for teaching grown gentlemen good manners; at the hospital for decayed Italian Singers every Wednesday; and the rest of the week at the sign of the Group of Gamblers in Change-alley.

Nunc aut Nunquam.

Doctor Benjamin Bismuth desires every body who is *really* afflicted with distempers, to come away at once, call of him, and he'll cure them.

Upwards of forty years practice has he had: and as *Hippokrates* says, *Experientia docet*; so that in mere pity to mankind, lest they should be imposed upon by ignorant quacks, who never know no knowledge, even of their own language, but go about puffing themselves as physicians, when the black-guards, though I scorn to use unpoliteness, but the scoundrels have no sort of ideal conception of the *materia medica* of anatomy.

I give advice *gratis* in hysterics, amputations, palpitations, cramps, and all other morbid cases.

I am to be spoke with in Tottenham Road, next door to the hospital for ideots, formerly Whitefield's Tabernacle.

Printed for Mr. Type, at the sign of the Press in Founders-alley, where advertisements are taken in.

HISTORY.

HISTORY of a STROLLING COMPANY'S Romeo, Proceſſion, and Coronation.

THERE is nothing in *painting* ſtrikes perſons who have ſeen the world more than the *Caracatura*—Aukward imitations in another part of life give us *equal* pleaſure—What think you of the *ſervile copyiſts* now of country-ſhop-keepers, who, with about five ſhillings worth of ribbon, a brace of caps, and a paper-ſkull *buſt* to place them on, call themſelves *milliners*—Every barber's is, now, the *wig-warehouse*—And I daily expect to ſee a common *paſtry-cook's* called by the ſame name—of the *cheefe-cake* and *pie-warehouse*.

But of all imitations, and in the *caracatura* ſtile, commend me to a ſet of ſtrollers in a barn, whoſe *day bills*, for I ſhould wrong them to call it a *play-bill*, promiſe us the *poſſeſſion* of Juliet to the monument of the *Capulets*, after the manner of London; accompanied with a ſolemn *drudge*, for ſo it is ſpelt in a manuſcript one now before me—and the ceremony of the coronation with the *champion*; all ſtill after the manner of London, and the noble theatres *royal*.

My curioſity led me a month ſince, for we play *here* but once a week: the cant word being, that we have but *two* audiences—a London expreſſion no doubt,—to ſee the *former*—when, to my moſt *laughing* ſurprize, myſelf and company were happy

to see this famous *possession*, myself holding the play-bill in my *hand* all the time, to heighten the scene, where the word was really spelt so, to the monument of the *Capulets*.

The monument was a large *ebony* press with *folding* doors, such as we see carefully preserved by the old housewives in farm-houses: a fellow with a tolerable large *pestle* struck a *cracked* mortar, for no apothecary would lend an *entire* one, by way of *great bell*——some charity girls with *shifts*, and no bad *shift* neither, over their cloaths, marched two a-breast, with green *rush* candles in their hands, singing the *last* new anthem made on their *founder's*, day—the different colours of the *seeming* surplices, according the care of the wearer, or the quantity they had to make a proper change, much *heightened* the scene.

The solemn *drudge*, or dirge, consisted, thanks to a *recruiting* serjeant of the Black Rangers, of a *flageolet*, or *fife*, accompanied with the thorough bass of a *side-drum*; and which indeed the fellow humoured tolerably well; only instead of a *dead* march he beat a *living* one—and I don't think it was very *mal-à-propos*, as it covered the shrillness of the charity *Mattei's*, who screamed occasionally as they do in the *open* air at a funeral.

And now for the greatest of all exhibitions, the *coronation*! after the manner of London——Unluckily for them! Covent Garden had set the unlucky example of a *double* procession; and they, like *fools*, would imitate them; though most of the

the audience would have been content with a *barn* king unaccompanied with a *bride*.

The *worshipful* Mayor of the town, and the *respectable* corporation aided and abetted the procession, very good-naturedly, by accommodating them with their *gowns, maces, cap of maintainance, &c. &c. &c. &c.*—The town beadle was not wanting in his kind offices; and his glittering *lace* very much heightened the otherwise dull eclipsed view of the whole—Two *testers* of good harrateen four-post beds made no un-extraordinary figure, I can assure you; and, being on *fixed* posts, did not bob up and down as those, so unsightingly, did at the *real* coronation.

The household trumpets were *excused* attendance: but an arch boy represented the household *fife* well enough—and as more recruiting parties than one were in town, there was no lack of *drums, of soldiers, or serjeants.*

Such was the magnificent procession! at last the champion entered, in a postillion's leather jacket, which was adorned with brass *clasps*, and a light-horse-man's cap, by way of *helmet*—the horse unluckily was one of his master's *coach* retinue, and had a *dock'd* tail—I much wondered they did not make an *artificial* one. But was answered, the horse was very *skittish*, and would bear nothing to touch him *behind*—This was soon verified! for a candle falling from one of the *wooden* chandeliers on his rump, he immediately threw down all the *wings*, which were but too geometrically fixed; and created

such confusion, that the whole house of lords came into the pit for *shelter*, and discovered the fallacy of their *ermin*, which was white paper *fringed* and dotted occasionally with ink.

We are now endeavouring to *repair* this almost *irreparable* loss—and one of the butchers in town having a *pad* for his lady, we shall exhibit again immediately—We have the assurance to write on our bills the *8th and 10th night*, in imitation of London too——But do assure you, our banquet beats any of your's *in town*; for the tradesmen alternately send some of their commodities *gratis*. The last was a bread and cheese supper, as it was the cheesemonger's and baker's turn to treat—But when the *butcher's* turn comes, I can well assure you, that not only their *majesties*, but the *house of lords*, and their *ladies* too, come in for a slice of good *mutton*.

In short, we are great creatures! and I will defy Mr. Garrick himself, or the late 'Squire Rich's *executors*, to exhibit any thing which we will not take off some how or other.—The *butcheress's* pad has had one rehearsal; and though it was the *first* time of appearing in *that* character, the beast kept a good countenance——Adieu! and believe me,

Your constant Reader,

A N S W E R S.

On

On the present fashionable TASTE for ORA-
TORY.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an acquaintance in London, congratulating me on the dawn of a golden age in England, and assuring me that the period is not far off, in which venality and corruption will be totally banished from among us; the laws continue no longer obscure and expensive, justice be administered with equal speed and integrity, and the nominal professors of Christianity become truly religious.

Upon perusing the first part of my friend's epistle, I supposed he had been dabbling in the prophecies, and that he expected the immediate commencement of the Millenium; or else that he was so charmed with the virtues of our excellent young monarch, as to believe they would infallibly produce an universal reformation. But his hopes do not spring from either of these sources: no, gentlemen, they arise from another cause. He has heard Mr. Sheridan's lectures with admiration, is seized with the present oratorical enthusiasm, and thinks that a right elocution will bring about the wonderful effects I have mentioned.

For my own part, I rejoice at every improvement which is made in the art of speaking; I sincerely lament the neglect of a just and forcible delivery; am persuaded, that a greater attention to it would be extremely useful; and am glad that it

excites a more general regard than formerly: I heartily wish success to any rational scheme for its advancement, and believe Mr. Sheridan deserves the encouragement of his country. But, notwithstanding all this, I cannot persuade myself, that the introduction of oratory would be attended with such prodigious consequences as my sanguine London friend imagines. To me it seems, that his expectations are not grounded upon a due consideration of the state of the world. I am afraid that human beings are carried away from their duty, by temptations too strong for the cords of eloquence intirely to bind; and that, when they have been twisted as firmly as possible, they will still be broke by the violence of contending interests, appetites, and passions.

But we are often told of the surprizing effects which were produced by the art of speaking in ancient times. The mighty names of Demosthenes and Cicero, and the vast things that were done by them, are perpetually sounded in our ears. I admire these famous orators as much perhaps as some who affect to be continually talking about them; and yet it must be acknowledged, that they did not thoroughly reform the ages in which they lived. Did the remonstrances of Demosthenes totally banish corruption from Athens? Did his animated and pathetic exhortations really inspire his countrymen with wisdom and fortitude? It was a long while before he could persuade them to vigorous measures; and when he did prevail upon them to
engage

engage Philip at Chæroneæ, it was out of his power to give them the true magnanimity of their ancestors; nor could he, at last, preserve himself from being condemned to exile and death. As to Cicero, I do not find that the master-piece of his eloquence prevented the banishment of Milo; or that his invective against Anthony destroyed the power of that tyrant. The case of Ligarius is often insisted upon; but either Cæsar paid an artful compliment to Tully, or the fact itself is doubtful, since it is only related by one ancient author, and he mentions it not as a certainty, but a report.

Should it, however, be granted, that oratory has been attended with all the mighty effects ascribed to it, may it not be an instrument in the hands of wicked as well as worthy men; a two-edged weapon which cuts both ways? If any credit is due to history, it is much to be doubted whether the gift of elocution, though excellent and useful in its own nature, has not, in fact, been applied in such a manner as to do more harm than good. Factious demagogues, ambitious and artful speakers, have led the multitude captive, have deceived, plundered, and destroyed them. When I consider that ingenious, but profligate persons, may oppose eloquence to eloquence, I am of opinion, that were the senate, the bar, and the pulpits to be filled with nothing but orators, there might still be some remains of corruption and venality in the world; law-suits might be protracted; and many of the

professors of Christianity retain the form, without the reality of religion.

I am the more inclined to apprehend this would be the case, because it doth not appear that our Saviour and his disciples, even with the advantage of inspiration and miracles, worked an universal reformation. Jesus of Nazareth, besides his supernatural powers, had justly the character of speaking as never man spoke; and yet he was disregarded, despised, and persecuted by great numbers. Can it then be expected, that human elocution will perform what Christ and his apostles, with all their divine accomplishments and assistances, were not able to effect? If so St. Paul was very much to blame for renouncing the enticing words of man's wisdom. Was I acquainted with our present admired preachers, I would ask them, whether their most applauded modes of expression, and their finest attitudes, did always penetrate the heart; or whether they did not frequently end in giving a mere temporary entertainment?

Besides, was eloquence the property of every speaker, it would become a common qualification, and would excite no peculiar attention. It is to be feared that, in a course of time, a sober citizen, who had eaten a plentiful dinner, might take his nap, even under an orator little inferior to a F——.

Still however, as was declared in the beginning of my letter, I am a real friend to an improvement in the art of delivery, and think that all methods should be zealously pursued, which may
tend

tend to promote the interests of truth and virtue. The clergy will do well to correct, as much as possible, any defects in their elocution; the younger ones especially, and such persons as are designed for the senate or the bar, should endeavour to acquire, in early life, a just and pleasing manner of composition, pronunciation, and action. But what reason can there be for the ladies, and for tradesmen, to run in shoals to Sheridan's lectures? Do haberdashers and mercers want to learn a better method of recommending their wares to their customers? I fancy they have already as much address that way as is sufficient to the purposes of their business.

As to the ladies, they naturally possess the graces of oratory in their full perfection, and require no artificial helps. They can reprove their servants, or descant upon the beauties of a piece of silk, with a pathos of sentiment, a variety of language, and harmony of utterance, which the most applauded speakers would be glad to equal. Besides, the too public appearance of the fair sex has a tendency to lessen *one* accomplishment highly ornamental to their elocution. A good assurance, which Mr. Trusler, an Englishman, proposes to teach, may be very necessary to male eloquence; but I am sure, that female eloquence is infinitely more charming when accompanied with modesty.

I am really apprehensive that the present oratorical zeal of the citizens, if not properly directed, may do harm, as it may render them critics with-
out

out candour and without judgment, and carry them to church, not to worship their Maker and mend their lives, but to receive amusement, and gratify a curious taste. Let them, however, be advised not to exercise too much severity against their old preachers; let them consider that established habits cannot be intirely rooted out; that gentlemen ought not to be condemned for being deficient in accomplishments which their education did not provide for; and that, as perfect speakers can only be expected among the rising generation, we must, in the mean time, be contented with such plain and useful instructions as may save the soul, though they do not come recommended by all the graces of delivery, and all the vehemence of action.

With regard to the young candidates for oratorical fame, I would earnestly beg of them not to think themselves sufficiently qualified to appear in public, when they have learned to display their hands, to exhibit fine attitudes, and to make solemn and pompous pauses. They should remember the prodigious pains that were taken by the ancient pleaders to acquire, in the first place, a large stock of sound knowledge; and should attend to the observation of Cicero, *Est eloquentia, sicut reliquarum rerum fundamentum, sapientia*. An emphatical pronunciation, and a variety of gesture, will soon come to be despised among sensible men, if they are only employed to set off quaint antitheses, puerile flights, and superficial sentiments.

Another

Another thing I would advise preachers to is, to suit their elocution to their discourses, and not their discourses to their elocution. What I mean is, that they should not, in the composition of their sermons, contrive to bring in certain brilliant thoughts or expressions for the sake of delivering them in a particular way; but write from a thorough acquaintance with their subject, and from the fullness of their hearts, and then adjust their manner to their matter. Demosthenes and Tully did not invent little quirks to make their auditors stare; did not say foolish things on purpose to correct them, but spoke in the language of nature, and, while they assisted her with consummate art, seemed only to follow her directions.

AUTHENTIC CONVERSATION between the King of PRUSSIA and the ingenious Mr. GELLERT, late Professor in Belles Lettres at Leipzig; being an Extract of a Letter from Leipzig, Jan. 27, 1761.

THE 18th of October last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, while professor Gellert was sitting in his night-gown at his desk, much out of order, he heard somebody knock at his door—"Pray, Sir, walk in."—"Sir, your servant, my name is Quintus Icilius, and I am extremely glad to have the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with one so famous

“famous in the republic of letters. I am not, however, come here in my own name only, but in that of his Prussian Majesty, who desires to see you, and has commanded me to conduct you to him.” After some excuses founded on his ill health, M. Gellert accompanied Major Quintus, who introduced him into the apartment of his Majesty, where the following conversation was carried on by the King and the two Literati.

King. Are you professor Gellert?

Gellert. Yes, Sire.

K. The English envoy has mentioned you to me as a person of eminent merit. From whence are you?

G. From Haynichen, near Freyberg.

K. What is the reason that we have no good German writers?

Major Quintus. Your Majesty has before your eyes an excellent German writer, whose productions even the French have judged worthy of a translation, and whom they call the La Fontaine of Germany.

K. This Mr. Gellert, is, no doubt, a strong proof of your merit. Pray, have you read La Fontaine?

G. Yes, Sire, but without imitating him. I have aimed at the merit of being original in my way.

K. Here you are in the right. But what is the reason that we have not in Germany a greater number of such good authors as you?

G. Your Majesty seem prejudiced against the Germans.

K. By

K. By no means!

G. Against the German writers at least.

K. That may be, and the truth is, I have not a very high opinion of them. Whence comes it that we find no good historians among them?

G. We have, Sir, in Germany, several good historians; among others Cramer the continuator of Bossuet, and also the learned Mascow.

K. A German continue the Universal History of Bossuet! how can that be?

G. He has not only continued it, but also performed this difficult task with the greatest success. One of the most eminent professors in your Majesty's dominions has declared this *Continuation* equal in eloquence, and superior in point of exactness, to Bossuet's history.

K. How does it come to pass that we have no good translation of Tacitus in the German language?

G. That author is extremely difficult to translate, and the French translations that have been given of him, are entirely destitute of merit.

K. This I acknowledge.

G. There are several causes that have contributed hitherto to prevent the Germans from becoming eminent in the different kinds of writing. While the arts and sciences flourished among the Greeks, the Romans were solely occupied in the pernicious art of war. May we not look upon this as the military age of Germany? May I not add to this, that they have not been animated by

by such patrons of learning as Augustus and Lewis XIV.

K. And yet you have had two Augustus's in Saxony.

G. True, Sire, and we also have seen good beginnings in that country.

K. How can you expect that there should be one Augustus for all Germany, divided as it is?

G. That, Sire, is not my meaning. I only wish that every Prince would encourage, in his own dominions, men of true genius.

K. Were you never out of Saxony?

G. I was once at Berlin.

K. You ought to travel.

G. Sire, I have no inclination for travelling, nor would my circumstances enable me to travel, had I ever so much inclination to it.

K. What kind of sickness are you troubled with? I suppose it is the malady of the learned?

G. Be it so: since your Majesty does me the honour to give it that name. I could not, without the greatest vanity, have given it that appellation myself.

K. I have had this disease as well as you; and I think I can cure you. You have only to use exercise, ride every day, and take once a week a dose of rhubarb.

G. This remedy, Sire, might prove to me worse than the disease. If the horse I use has more health and spirits than I myself have, I dare not ride him, and if he has less, I certainly should not receive much benefit from the use of him.

K. Why

K. Why then don't you make use of a carriage?

G. I am not rich enough for that.

K. Aye, there it is that the shoe generally pinches the German *Literati*. The times, indeed, are but bad at present.

G. Very bad indeed, Sire. But if your Majesty would be so generous as to give peace to Germany——

K. How can I do that? Have you not heard that I have against me three crowned heads?

G. My chief knowledge, Sire, lies in ancient history: I have studied much less that of modern times.

K. Which do you prefer as an epic poet, Homer or Virgil?

G. Homer certainly, as an original genius, merits the preference.

K. Virgil, however, is a more polished writer.

G. We live in an age too remote from that of Homer's to form an accurate judgment of the language and manners of that early period: I therefore depend upon the judgment of Quintilian, who gives Homer the preference.

K. We must not, however, pay a slavish deference to the judgment of the ancients.

G. Neither do I follow it blindly; I only adopt it when antiquity throws such a mist over an object as prevents my seeing it with my own eyes, and consequently hinders me from judging for myself.

K. You

K. You have composed, I am told, fables remarkable for their elegance and wit. Can you repeat me one?

G. I really don't know, Sire, if I can; my memory is far from being good.

K. Do your best; I shall take a turn in the apartment, and give you time to recollect one—Well, have you succeeded?

G. Yes, Sire. “A certain painter of Athens, “who exercised his art with a view to reputation “rather than from the love of gain, addressed himself to a connoisseur for his opinion of one of his “pictures which represented the god Mars. The “connoisseur could not dissemble; he found the “piece defective; he objected particularly to the “too great appearance of art that reigned through “the whole. The painter defended his work with “all the warmth of an inordinate self-love; the “critic answered his arguments, but without producing conviction. In the mean time arrives a “coxcomb, who casts an eye upon the picture, and “without giving himself a moment's time to reflect, cries out in a rapture, Gods! what a masterpiece! Mars lives, breathes, terrifies in that admirable production. Observe those feet, those “nails! What taste, what an air of grandeur in the “helmet, the shield, and in the whole armour of “the terrible deity! The painter blushed, beheld “the true connoisseur with a look that spoke confusion and conviction; and said to him, I am now “persuaded that your judgment is well founded.

The

"The coxcomb retired, and the picture was effaced."

K. Now for the moral.

G. It is this; "When the productions of an author do not satisfy a good judge, this is a strong presumption against them; but when they are extolled by a blockhead, then it is high time to commit them to the flames."

K. Excellent, Mr. Gellert! The piece is admirable; and there is something elegant in the construction of this fable. I can perceive the force and beauty of this composition. But when Gottsched read to me his translation of *Iphigenia*, I had before me the French original, and did not understand a word of what he read. If I stay here some time, you must come and see me often, and read me some of your fables.

G. I don't know, Sire, if I may venture to read, as I have acquired by habit that singing tone of voice which is common in our mountains.

K. Aye, like that of the Silesians. You must, however, read your fables yourself, otherwise they will lose.—Return soon hither.

When Mr. Gellert was gone, the King said, "This is quite another man than Gottsched;" and the day following, he said at table, that "of all the learned Germans, Gellert was the most rational and judicious."

O n W H I M S I C A L W I V E S.

WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them: and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. My wife is to me a very Duena: she is as careful of me as the Kissar Aga, or chief eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether she believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I should give her the slip, that she always screams after me, "My dear, you are not going out?" though for better security she generally locks up my hat and cane together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one might not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself that I am handsomer or better made than other men: nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than any other woman.

Need

Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust: besides, we have not been married above a month; and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such a one, she is sure, from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Madam, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our house; she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers. One evening she indeed vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends; but the first bottle had scarce gone round before word was brought up, that the boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was dispatched, with notice, that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the

summons, when, to our great surprize, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit, from which she did not recover till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands, and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution, that I should never set my foot again in any one of them, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Madam, that while my wife is thus cautious that I should not be led astray when abroad, she takes particular care that I should not stumble on temptations at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid-servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations of too near an intimacy between us: though I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the female Sampson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his master's fly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our household is made up of
such

such beautiful monsters as Caliban himself might fall in love with; my lady's own young woman has a most inviting hump-back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over like a Chinese figure; the house-maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of its fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you that I must never write a letter, but madam must see the contents before it is done up; and that I never durst open one till she has broke the seal, or read it till she has first run it over. Every rap from the post-man at the door makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen, at seeing a superscription written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thimble, she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux. The other week I received a letter from Derbyshire, which awakened all her mistrust. She knew from the scrawl, and strange spelling on the outside, that it must come from a woman: she therefore tore it open in a violent rage, in hopes of making a most material discovery; but to her great disappointment the contents were perfectly illegible. She was now convinced, that it

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came

came from some nasty creature, whom I maintained in the country; and that we corresponded together in cypher. I was obliged to confess the truth; that it was, indeed, drawn up in cypher, and that I had the key to it. At length, with much ado, I explained the whole matter to her, telling her that it was a letter from my farmer, who not being bred at a writing-school, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. However, this assurance did not at all pacify her, till she had dispatched a trusty messenger to be certified of the truth.

This loving creature happened to be taken ill lately, when she thought that she was going to die. She called me to her bedside, and with tears in her eyes told me, that she could not be able to die in peace, except I would promise her one thing. I assured her, I would promise any thing to make her easy——“O my dear,” says she, “I cannot bear the thought of your being another’s; and therefore I shall not rest in my grave, if you do not swear to me that you will never marry again, or think of another woman as long as you live.” My poor dear is however recovered, without putting my faith to so hard a trial; though I may venture to say, that I have already had so much of matrimony, I could submit to any conditions to part with her.

A LETTER upon the ill placing of great MEN
and WOMEN'S PORTRAITS.

SIR,

I HAVE often read satires, that have appeared to me to be panegyrics; and I have been frequently concerned to see vindications published, that have left my mind in doubt when I have read them, whether I was to consider what was before me as intended to clear or asperse the person to be defended. But nothing has puzzled me more than the conduct I have generally observed in those who would shew their regard to a particular great man, whom they admire, by fixing up his head or portrait before their door, or sticking it up in different parts of their houses. The vileness of the daub, the place allotted to it, and the company it is associated with, make the intention of the proprietor so equivocal, that it is very hard to determine, whether he means to compliment or insult the great personage in his possession.

When I see before the door of an alehouse, a Harp-alley daub of the King and Queen, which might pass as well for the Little Carpenter and his Indian Squaw, if George and Charlotte were not subscribed, I am forced to enquire whether the landlord is a loyal subject to the King, or Newcastleman, before I can determine what is to be understood by the sign. And I could never settle

to this day, whether the man in Butcher-row, or the tooth-drawer in Blood-bowl-alley, who, in the year 1745, put up a sign that might as well pass for the Saracen's-head, or the Red-lion at Brentford, as the half-length of the Duke of Cumberland, if it had not been for the D. C. really were well-wishers to his royal Highness, or not.

I was ever disgusted at the thoughts of blowing my nose in his Majesty's face upon my handkerchief; and it lately went much against me, to see a waiter throw two shillings worth of rum and brandy-punch over his Sovereign at the bottom of the bowl. But I can scarce reflect, without the utmost confusion, that the Queen lay prostrate under me, for a whole night, at the bottom of a piece of Chelsea china in my bed-chamber, which I broke in the morning, as soon as I discovered the indignity.

I could not help laughing, when, in one of my midnight rambles, I saw the Twelve Judges among a parcel of thieves, chairmen, watchmen, and market-people, at the night-cellar near Templebar. The wise and learned gravity of these great lawyers, compared with the stupid drunken figures out of the frames, afforded me much entertainment. I was also much diverted at seeing the Archbishop's picture in Mrs. Phillips's shop in Halfmoon-street; and, upon asking this useful old matron, why the Archbishop was so great a favourite of her's? "He always was," says she, "for I ever thought him a *good man*." But I cannot understand what business the

the Bishop of Gloucester has among the fish women at Billingsgate, or my Lord of Chester in so many apartments of the Jews. Should my Lord Chancellor be seen in Kitty Fisher's bed-chamber? or the Duke of York at Haddock's Bagnio? And what has Lord Littleton to do at the Goat alehouse in Cuckold's point? or the Earl of Hardwick at the three Blue Balls in St. Giles?

I am never surprized to see his Majesty's picture at the house of an Antigallican, or my Lord Bute's at the Hand-in-hand Fire-office, or the Union Coffee-house, any more than I am to see Mr. Garrick's at the Shakespeare, or at the Society of Arts, &c. But what must I suppose, when I see the Duke of Newcastle among a parcel of old cast off cloaths in Monmouth-street, that never were worth a farthing in their best days? Would any person think of looking for Mr. Fox among the brokers at Jonathan's? or expect to see Charles Townshend at the Windmill near Hanover-square, or at the Weather-cock in Turn-stile? Sir John Philips is naturally to be found at the Royal Oak, or at *pro bono publico*, Ashley's; but don't it seem exceedingly out of character for a King to be seen among drunken prisoners in a spunging-house? I am sorry to say, I have seen his present Majesty in most of the jails within the bills of mortality: and I am confident the Queen would not be pleased, if she knew, in how many bad houses, in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, our most gracious Sovereign is to be seen every night by the meanest of
his

his subjects. I have been mortified with the sight of Lady Northumberland in a wash-house, and the Princess Amelia in a gin-shop.

People have another way of puzzling me, besides the place in which they fix their picture or print; and that is, by the company they often pitch upon for their favourite. When I see the picture of his present Majesty, with an Alfred or Edward the Third its companion, I understand what is intended; but I am at a loss, when I see the King of Prussia, the Marquis of Gramby, and Lord George Sackville, at the sign of the Gun. Nothing was clearer to me, than my friend's intention, who placed Pitt between Sir William Wyndham and Pulteney; but I was forced to ask an explanation when I saw Walpole, Pelham, and Newcastle, as he called them, together on the opposite side of the room. A child would think of running to a *grocer's*, or a *chandler's* shop, for a sight of the present Lord Mayor; but nobody would look for him in Mr. Beardmore's study, between Demosthenes and Tully. These two great orators might receive honour from being grouped with a Mansfield or a Pitt, but they would not, if they were alive, be able to hold a conversation with an Alderman of London, as they have no word, in either of their languages, for *sugarcanes*, *melasses*, and *rum-puncheons*.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

WM. IRONSIDE.

ON

ON a particular FRENCH FASHION.

A CERTAIN French fashion, during the present war, hath gradually crept into this kingdom; a fashion which hath already spread through this metropolis, and, if not timely prevented, must infallibly infect the whole nation. It is not merely because it is a French fashion that I find fault with it, but because it is a filthy fashion. Cleanliness is no part of the character of the French nation; with all their politesse they are in some respects a nasty people. You cannot but have taken notice, Sir, you who are so universally conversant with the ladies, that of late there appears to be an additional growth of hair on the heads, I say, Sir, on the heads, of such of our females as are commonly seen in places of public entertainment: there seems, since the present fashion, to be an additional quantity both in front and rear. Now possibly you imagine this increase to be owing to some newly discovered pomatum, bear's grease, or something of that sort.—No such thing. It is entirely owing to the French manner of Frizzlation. Perhaps you have no idea how this is performed. I'll tell you, Sir, —Monsieur having, with an inimitable air of gentility, deposited his utensils on the table, and familiarly enquired after her ladyship's health, begins his operation thus: he dextrously separates from the rest, six hairs near the crown of the head,

twists

twists them between his thumb and finger, rolls them up from the points to the root, and before you can say Jack Robinson, locks them fast in a square inch of paper. He then takes the next six hairs towards the front, papering them up in the same manner; and thus he proceeds in a strait line, from the crown of the head towards the nose, till he completes a file, to speak in the military phrase, of ten papers. He then gradually descends towards the right ear, which exactly completes a rank of thirty papers.

Thus, supposing both ears to be equi-distant from the crown, we have sixty papers in front, which being multiplied by the depth makes the whole six hundred. These are separately burnt with hot irons. In this situation her ladyship looks exactly like a sun-flower. The papers being now taken off, he daubs her head with at least half a pound of grease, to which he adds one pound of meal. These hot irons answer a double purpose; they not only crisp the hair, but, by their heat, increase the natural perspiration of the head, and thus the pudding is supplied with the necessary salt; I say necessary, for without this salt the pudding would infallibly stink in twenty-four hours. He now begins with all his dexterity to work her ladyship's pate into such a state of confusion, that you would imagine it was intended for the stuffing of a chair bottom; then bending it over his finger with one thousand black pins, he nails the hair so fast to her head, that neither the weather nor time have power
to

to alter its position. Thus my lady is dressed for three months at least; during which time it is not in her power to comb her head. What is the consequence? sorry I am to use so filthy an expression! but really her ladyship stinketh. Fie, ladies, fie! if ever you mean to get husbands, or to keep them when you have them, restore this nasty fashion with the rest of our conquests. If you knew the power of a tainted breeze over the manhood of the stoutest of us, you would be more careful of offending our noses, than any of our other senses.

I am,

TRUEPENNY.

A LOVING WIFE described.

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a scolding wife; but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, drunken, or scolding wife, nay, I may say, all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he'll give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will cease upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron-string. The drunken wife is at least sober when she wakes in the morning; and the scolding wife, we may suppose

pose, is silent when she is asleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon, and night, nay, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may say, is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning if she finds me asleep, she seldom fails of letting me know that she thinks I have had rest enough, and that to sleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting I must take another nap, for she is sure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to break-fast, if I choose toast, it is ten to one but she finds it gave me the heart-burn the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter; if I choose the latter, it is the same odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkshire muffin, because she well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am swilled with half-pint after half-pint, as she conceives I ate too much supper over night, and tea is good for digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy in my dish, at another with saffron, though she knows I detest them both;—but it is good for me, she says.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucer of dry toast, though perhaps I was just come from the coffee-house, to keep the wind off my stomach; and I am in great luck that a pint bason of pease-soup, in
which

which a spoon will stand upright, is not set before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever she puts on my plate, or she is otherwise the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house, almost as soon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, because no remonstrance could satisfy her but my stomach was out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, my female Sancho Panza physician is ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I call for small-beer, perhaps my sweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixed with it, as it is too cold for my stomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and should I mention red, she would insist white is better for my cold. When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweet-meats, I almost tremble at the sight of it, for as the dear loving soul is fond of these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if she takes a peach that appears to her remarkably good, I am forced to finish what she has half eat, though I prefer a
necta-

nectarine. And however wish-fully I may cast my eye upon any glass or saucer of sweet-meats, I am forced to resist the temptation, well knowing my loving taster will supply me abundantly with her relics of those things which she is sure I am fond of. I must add too, that though the company cannot help smiling when she loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuse my love's kindness, if she declares they are admirable, and she is certain I shall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earnestness to please me, acts so vehemently upon her mind, that she is never cool enough to judge what is the best for my constitution, or most agreeable to my taste. She is too intent upon the end to consult well about the means. Hence my female physician often proves the reverse of the smoakers adage of *Tobacco bic*; for if I am well she'll make me sick; if I am sick she don't make me well. And when she is most industrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred, and malice to such loving-kindness, and could heartily cry out with captain Flash to the dear mischief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the sincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my best friends, by her means deserves a place among my false ones. In distress, either from rain or frost, my good friend does me no service, for my wife often hates a great coat, I am so apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I must weather every inclemency,
and

and stand every shower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office; and if my love should take it into her head that I have at any time suffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her desire to have me pleased will not let me see the play I admire, or visit the friends which I like. Should I presume to engage for myself, I shall find myself perhaps one of an agreeable party which she knew before I should be happy with in another place. And if I should settle to see Garrick the next time he plays Lear, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and she has procured tickets herself to be an agreeable surprize to me. As to the playhouses, indeed, I am afraid I shall never be suffered to enter their doors again, she is so terrified by the modern Mohawks, the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and the theatres, that she would as soon trust me to a campaign in Flanders, or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North America, as at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes is, that there is no hopes of an alteration for the better. You may be sure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though she is the best of women, she is the worst of wives; that I would rather feel the severest effects of hate than her love. If she was a termagant, I could make her a silent woman, and I could undertake to tame a shrew; but my dear tormentor is

so meek, that she weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppose the most trifling circumstance which she judges for my good, or has conceived would please me: she imagines I have no love for her, if she thinks I slight any instance of hers to me. After having suffered her to waste herself almost to a skeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel necessity of giving way to her disposition, and submitting a second time to the go-cart and leading-string. And though I am the jest of all my friends, and the sport of both sexes, though I can neither eat, drink, sleep, or wake as I please, though I must appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill, keep company I don't like, and scarce ever see my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged, sweated, and blistered in perfect health, I cannot fly from my persecutor, as my love is at least equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakness of her mind, as I am so sensible of the strength of her affection. Therefore, Sir, when you see a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miss with her goldfinch, pray remember

Yours, &c.

TRUE LOVE.

BOB BINNACLE'S EPISTLE to the Landmen, who cleared Decks on board the Playhouse, Common Garden.

Why now heark y'me masters.

I HAVE been in as much bad weather as most folks, and I know what it is to cut away carve work as well as my messmates. But if ever I wou'd board any of my own countrymen, in the way of damage designedly, keel haul me.

May hap I love fun in my fighting as well as other folks, but why shou'd we pour broad-sides upon one another? And why shou'dn't I see the show when I paid for it? You know I ax'd that night who it was fired the chany orange shot, and wounded the handsome young gentlewoman in the starbroad eye? I only wish I was along side of him, that's all.

I shipp'd myself on board the Portsmouth machine to make a trip to London, on purpose to see a show, and a queer sort of a voyage I had on't, for as soon as they stowed me in the vessel, I was sea-sick, because they clapped me under the hatches, but I got upon the poop, and then I was in right trim again.

But one of the wheels came athwart a stone, and gave our vessel such a heel, that if I had not catch

hold of the weather-braces, I shou'd have been canted overboard, and cast away upon land, before she righted again.

When I landed in London, I shaped my course right a-head, and steer'd for the Playhouse, so I saw some tickets stuck up aloft against the wall, to signify there was to be fine fun that evening, and what it was to be.

So I would go to see the English hoppera, there was a great long name in the bills about it full of X's; but I never minded that, because why—— that long word was the name of the gentleman who made the hoppera, I suppose; and so because he must be a scholar, therefore he was crissened with a hard name.

Well, I paid my three shillings for a birth at the play, and they piloted me into the hole; but avast that; thought I, I an't to be clapp'd to wind-ward in that manner neither. So I got my money again, and went aloft into one of the quarter galleries, and gave five shillings for it, and there I saw sitting tier over tier, all abaft one another, a great cargo of company, and they called it the two shilling places: it was a hundred times bigger than mine I paid so much more for too. Howsomdever I set as snug as a maggot in the bread-room, and the music began to heave away handsomely; but then there was such a hollo bulloo among the folks, as if all the ship's company were mutenyng. As soon as the fore-sheet was clewed up, and a fine gentlewoman and a gentleman step'd upon deck to
talk

talk about their own business I suppose, there was such a noise, and then there was a chace shot chany orange fired, but whether it came from the round-tops, or the lower deckers, I cou'dn't tell, I knew it was no business of mine, but I cou'dn't bear to see any body used ill; no, when I do may I be cut into four pound pieces, and put into the devil's pickling tub. So I got down, and stepp'd upon deck, and said I would fight the best man among'em.

Then there was the tall gentleman, Muster *Tim Dutchy* I think they call'd him, and he was more afraid than the young woman,—so I went up to him, and said, what cheer, messmate? and would have took hold of his hand, by way of splicing friendship together; but he look'd as pale and as thin as a rush candle, and he run squeaking away as the monkies jabber, and he shook like a flagstaff in a tempest; well, but what's all this to the purpose? why then, says I, what was all your noise to the purpose? roaring like so many watermen at plying-place.

You made a noise about pay and no pay, well, and I paid to see the show, and you wou'dn't let me—What was your short allowance money to me? why I wou'd ha' lent you some to make it up rather than you should expose yourselves.

I fancy you'd make special hands to board an enemy, you'd soon pull up the gratings, and break up their gang-ways,—that you did pretty well at the show: why you stav'd out the dead-lights, skuttled between decks, hove the benches over-board,

board, and made a wreck of the state rooms,—and that was because the owners wou'd not alter their freight.

Mayhap insurance is very high, and the crew won't work without great wages, and then there was Muster Mounthere *Niverne* the mbassador there; I am sorry he was there that night, because he knows before, he and all he's countrymen did, that we cou'd drub every body else, but it was pity he saw us fight among ourselves.

Pray tell a body what all this was about?

If you do want the merchants and agents to settle the price, why, what then, why should that stop the ship's voyage? Why didn't you let the play come out of dock as you shou'd do?

If ever I heard such a noise since I lay against Guadaloupe, bilbo me. I wou'd have forced my discourse among some of you, if I had had a speaking-trumpet; it was such weather I cou'dn't make one observation, so I cou'dn't tell what latitude we were in.

But for all that, I can see which way the wind blows without spectacles; I say it's all wrong; Englishmen won't be frightened with words, we an't to be threatened into any thing, you may palaver us with good words, and make our left hands give up A L L that our right hands ever got, but then that's in the way of civility;—but if Englishmen are to be bully'd, why they'll play the devil among the taylors, and make as much work as grape-shot in a china-shop.

As

As to my five shillings, why the owners are welcome to it towards repair, for you stripp'd plank, timbers, and scantlings—you gutted her, she look'd like a French prize, after a yard-arm engagement.

I shan't say who's right or who's wrong, no more, not I. I can say my compass, and as to any thing else——Why I'll keep a stopper upon my tongue, while the wind's in this quarter. But I wish you were all friends,—quarrelling's a bad trade, if you can't get prize-money by it; and as to your going to law, why both sides will have a deal of leeway to fetch up, and make but a bad voyage at best on't.

I know some folks are advised to do this, and some folks are advised to do that, but 'tis all wrong. Forget and forgive, I say, peace and good neighbourhood, and let us fight that have serv'd our times to it. So no more to conclude,

Yours

B. B.

A LETTER wrote by a French officer after the Expedition against Portugal.

S I R,

OUR entry into this kingdom was through a very little town, adorned with the title of a place called Miranda. Disposed to fight, we expected

to find some resistance, and that the governor would not fail to defend it, for the honour of the king's arms and standards; but the devil a bit. At our approach the inhabitants sought their safeties only by a shameful flight; and we entered the town without the least opposition, and without costing one drop of French or Spanish blood. Miranda is situated in a province called Tra los Montes, that is to say, Behind the mountains. The name is certainly the properest in the world; for the whole province is nothing else but mountains, as frightful as barren. Having passed from thence to a town called Braganza, which is also a fortified place, we took that with the same ease, finding here also no kind of resistance. In approaching the town of Chaves, which is the best and strongest in the said province, the governor and garrison had shamefully fled in haste, and left us masters of the whole province. The inhabitants appeared to us rather like those satyrs we read of in fables than men fit to people the earth, and resembled them in their brutishness and nakedness. Marching along, as if it were a smooth road, though it is naturally the most rugged, we entered the province of Beyra without any trouble. We found that Almeyda was one of the best towns in the kingdom, well fortified, well enough supplied with artillery, and a good number of troops; the ideas of finding some to fight with here, and even that the siege of this place would be of some length, were very natural, but very ill grounded. The cowardly governor,
naturally

naturally base and faithless to his sovereign, shook like a leaf at the noise of the first bombs thrown into the town, and asked to capitulate immediately without a stroke. The only favour he craved was to go out with military honours. In my opinion this favour was very improperly granted him; for I should have thought, that these honours being only due to great captains, and those commanders who knew how to defend the cause of their king and country, they ought never to be allowed to cowards and traitors. By frightful roads, and crossing divers mountains utterly destitute of necessaries for life, we came by Covilham and Castello Branco almost to the village of Abrantes, where we proposed to enter, and carry our arms to Lisbon. The heavy rains, which were increased much that year, and the arrival of the English troops, stopped our progress. You know we fought these troops commanded by the count La Lippe and by English officers. I must do them justice, for it is certain they behaved with a great deal of courage, and seconded with intrepidity the military talents of their chief, and the exact and judicious discipline of the other commanders. But after all, there were but few of these troops; the Portuguese are not worth speaking of, as their officers were totally ignorant of the art of war, and they had nothing but that stupid haughtiness so common to cowardly and uninstructed men: their vanity and their ignorance would have destroyed them and their country, had not a peace come to their assistance by the mediation

diation of England, to which at present Portugal is but a factory. However, at length, we retired to Castello Branco. It is very true, and I repeat it, that the loss of Lisbon would have been that of the whole kingdom. Fear had entirely seized the whole government, and its dread could not be greater nor more remarkable. Reports were even spread in the army, that the king only thought of saving himself by flight, and it was said, that he was already on board an English man of war, which was to carry him to London; from the nature of that resource it follows, that the king and his ministry could find no other, to prevent sinking under the force of our arms which was ready to fall on their unfortunate capital. It seems that in all former wars Portugal was spared only by contempt, for a nation whose extreme smallness made it appear so little on the theatre of the world. In the present war, where it was thought fit to make it play some part, it shewed all its weakness, all the cowardice of its inhabitants, and all the perfidiousness of its officers, of whom it is supposed their sovereign will one day make an example. Portugal recovered, in 1640, by the help of France and England, and in 1762, was delivered by the sole assistance of Great Britain; the Portuguese themselves cannot deny it. But do they make that acknowledgment with all the sincerity they ought? I believe not, and am witness myself, that the Portuguese cannot hide their hatred for the English. I wanted to know what could make them shew that

antipathy

antipathy at the very time they were so indebted to these faithful allies; the reason they gave me was very extraordinary.

Among the prisoners then at Castello Branco there was an officer, who had given us many proofs of his good sense. Is it possible, said I to him one day, that there should be, in the midst of Europe, a kingdom which can preserve itself without disciplined troops, and with officers of no experience, and even uninstructed in their military functions? He answered me, with tears, that Portugal had the misfortune to be now only a kingdom of priests, monks, and nuns, who entirely devour the substance of the country, without being in a condition to render it the least service in the most pressing conjunctures. All the ecclesiastics in general make their pulpits continually resound with the horror they ought to have for the English; for these heretical and excommunicated men, whose humiliation and destruction the public prayers of their church constantly beg of God. So that the Portuguese people are obliged, whether they will or no, to wish all sorts of evil to the very people from whom they receive the greatest benefits, and all this in good conscience, because the most holy father hath decided it so, and the Roman church must think the same. The people from whom good troops were formerly furnished, added the officer, having remarked the poverty, nakedness, and bad pay of the soldiery, preferred the idleness and ease of a religious life to that state:
thence

thence comes it, that the greatest part become priests, monks, or laybrothers. The younger sons of gentlemen, from among whom officers of courage and honour should be taken, now aspire only to the title of Monsignore, in becoming canons or principals of the royal chapel.

Those who by their birth, and following the steps of their illustrious ancestors, should have formed the chief officers of our regiments, now are ambitious for the purple, and cabal with all their might for bishoprics and archbishoprics, as the only road to be cardinal or patriarch. Such a man who should this day be viceroy of the Indies or Brasil, or commander in chief of our armies, is now no more than inquisitor-general; who, far from thinking to preserve or defend his countrymen, strives to persecute, debase, and even condemn them to the flames, for no other crime but that of embracing the religion of the English, to whom that inquisitor-general, in imitation of his sovereign, thought it an honour to stile himself the brother, friend, ally, and most humble, most indebted, and most devoted servant. The inferior inquisitors, full of barbarous cruelty, and an ardent thirst of human blood, might make very good soldiers; but no; they are only inquisitors, that is to say, cowards who hate danger, and who only know to war against their own defenceless countrymen: a war more destructive to their country than that of their most redoubted enemies. The inquisitors make their whole art consist in a thousand secret stratagems,

stratagems, and in all sorts of infernal snares: they lie in ambush in their holy office, whence, like lions hidden in the woods, they only spring forth to seize the prey they would devour. Woe to the victims they have singled out, who cannot escape their fate, nor elude the pursuits of those bloody sacrificers, who are both their judges and executioners. If those they persecute attempt to fly to England, they are immediately put in prison, their wealth confiscated, their reputation branded, and their sufferings in the dungeons inexpressible. It is a thing very remarkable, and worth consideration, that their unfortunate sovereign was in that case, and upon the point of embarking, and seeking refuge in England, and who knows if the inquisitors had not done the same?

This picture of them, which the officer drew thus, inspired us only with contempt and horror for these monsters in human shape; and I believe this officer spoke to us justly and truly.

Another officer, a prisoner also, and extremely bigoted, told us very gravely on that subject, that Portugal did not want generals, witness, said he, St. Anthony, protector of the kingdom, to whom our sovereign every year sends 3000 crusadoes for his pay. Astonished at this discourse we asked an explanation, and we learned that this protector of the kingdom was only a capuchin friar, who was born in Lisbon, and died about five ages ago at Padua in Italy. I own that this made us despise him heartily, and we could not help laughing at so
great

great a weakness. How much better would your king have done, replied I, to have laid out that money in Swiss troops, or those of some other warlike nation, in the room of giving it to a simple monk so long since dead, or rather to living monks, who are worth less than he? Certain it is, that every monk, when alive, could not defend your king against the claws of an angry cat, how then can he, after his death, protect him from the well-disciplined troops of an enemy? But supposing he had the power, why did he not defend those places we have taken; or rather the two provinces which the Portuguese have so basely abandoned? The officer seemed greatly disconcerted at these words, and we were convinced by our own experience, that Portugal, formerly illustrious in history, is, at present, only the center of superstition, ignorance, and the most distinguished cowardice. These barbarians, whose nobility formerly prided themselves on a steady fidelity to their kings, are those who have just given Europe the most infamous spectacle of treason and ingratitude. Their first lords have not hesitated to become regicides, and to employ sacrilegious hands to take away their sovereign's life. In so total a degeneracy, Portugal is unable to defend itself by land against one single province of Spain, and by sea they can only oppose an enemy's fleet by baubles of ships destitute of every thing, unless indeed their monk Anthony was miraculously to convert himself into ships of war.

The

The miseries we have endured in this country can only be believed by those who have felt them, seeing the general scarcity we found of every thing useful and necessary for our preservation. By this sorrowful situation in which Portugal is, judge, Sir, yourself, what is the nature of its present government, and what those talents can be which they ascribe to the prime minister, the only one who appears at present at the head of affairs.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

Paris, Dec. 19, 1762.

H. C. V. T.

TRANSLATION of a LETTER from Signior BIMOLLE, a Florentine fidler, in London, to the Signora CHIARA AQUILANTE, the famous Opera Broker, at Naples.

MADAM,

London, March. 18, 1763.

I AM honoured with your obliging letter of the 5th of last month; and in obedience to your orders, shall give you an account of the merits and success of the operas and burlettas here. The Aquilante commands, and Bimolle must obey.

Give

Give me leave, however, Madam, first to return you my most humble and sincere thanks for the noble present you have so generously been pleased to send me. The music I shall publish by subscription, being encouraged thereto by several munificent patrons here, who having in their travels made large collections of our compositions, are now become my scholars in order to learn to play them.

The theatre opened here last November with the *Tutore e la Pupilla*; which, notwithstanding its own merit, and the uncommon abilities of the Amicis, met but with little applause. The presence of the court filled the house for a few nights, but after that, the audience dwindled apace; and the piece had certainly been dismissed, but for the night scene in the last act, which supported it about a month longer. A cat and dark lanthorn drew company, when music could not; and the manager was as much obliged to them as the distressed peruke-maker at Paris was to his sign, which represented Absalom hanging by the hair, with these words underwritten: *Ab! Seigneur, pourquoi ne portiez vous pas peruke?*

In the mean time the serious opera began, it was *Astarte Re di Tiro*. The music of it in general was good, and some airs, &c. inserted by Bach remarkably fine: but the performers were bad; so that it was immediately deserted, though never actually damned.

Immediately after Christmas holidays the *Cascina* was brought upon the stage, in which the
Amicis

Amicis exerted every power; and yet, can you believe it? it ran but two nights! the audience beheld with an indifference, truly Tramontane, the most perfect burletta that ever was composed, acted by the most accomplished Buffa that ever Italy produced.

The *Calamita dei Cuori* succeeded the *Cascina*. With less merit, it gained more applause; however, though it has hitherto stood its ground, it never has been able to fill the house.

You will certainly ask me, what could be the cause of such an amazing insensibility, that could induce a nation, profusely fond of every thing that is foreign, to neglect so fine a composer as Bach, or so incomparable an actress as the Amicis?—the first I can account for, the last I cannot; but shall give you their own reasons for it, as far I have been able to collect them.

First then, Madam, you must know that the English, a very few excepted, neither relish nor understand our music; the German manner has almost universally prevailed amongst them; and such is the force of prejudice, that the ponderous harmony of Handel outweighs by far, with them, the elegant taste of Italian melody. This, Bach at first did not suspect; but, finding it by experience, has prudently changed his style; and now his chorusses roar, his basses thunder, and his airs float in an ocean of symphony. In a word, he has Handelized, and acquired a reputation here, by the very thing which would have ruined him in Italy.

As to the Amicis, the principal objections to her were, that she had no body of voice, and could not be heard beyond the middle of the pit; that her songs were too serious for her natural character, and that her action was by much too burlesque. There might be, perhaps, some truth in the first objection; but the other two, with submission, were not so well grounded.

The manager finding herself the dupe of her own policy, in having procured such bad performers, and fearing to become the victim of it too, began to think on methods for retrieving her shattered finances. Of many proposed, none appeared so expeditious, and so cheap, as that of vamping the old set by the addition of the Amicis. The agreement was soon made; necessity urged one party, youthful vanity allured the other. An increase of salary, a benefit, and some theatrical douceurs were offered and accepted; and a new serious opera, called *Orione o sia Diana vindicata*, was quickly produced under the auspices of Bottarelli, Bach, and the ill advised *Anna de Amicis*.

The story of Orion, as related by our poet, is as follows: the states of Arcadia and Thebes being about to give battle to the Achaians, Eunopion, king of the first, and Retrea, queen of the second, meet, attended by their respective courts, in a temple of Diana, to consult the oracle about the event of it. With Eunopion come his two daughters, Candiope and Argia. With Retrea, her son Orion, who is commander in chief of the allied

allied army, and who loves, and is beloved by the fair Candiopé. Orion is accompanied by his father Mercury, disguised, for some time, under the form of Arcades; an officer who seems of the rank of major general, and appears to be actually on the staff. Diana likewise, dressed in a yellow sattin gown and petticoat, is so obliging as to attend the ceremony; where she modestly takes the lowest place, joins in a chorus to herself, consults her own oracle, and is terrified at her own thunder. The doubts proposed are, "The event of the impending battle," and "The success of the loves of Orion and Candiopé," the answer, that the victory will be fatal to the conqueror, that Orion may go to heaven if he pleases, but that he can never marry Candiopé. Upon this he resolves to march against the enemy, and after some whimpering with his *Caro Bene*, sets out, beats the Achaians, over-runs and subdues their country, returns triumphant and loaded with spoils, and all within the space of twenty minutes. The king then proposes going back to the temple of the goddess, to thank her for her protection; but Orion begs to be excused, declaring, that she is his inveterate enemy, and that it is owing to her, and her alone, that his match with Candiopé is broken off. Diana enraged at this resolves to kill him. Mercury does all he can, nay even sings her a song to appease her, but in vain. She talks of her birth and family, swears she will teach the youngster to know his betters, flings out of the room in a passion, meets him,

and shoots him through the body. A shepherd brings the account of his death, which distracts the court to such a degree, that they forget to go into mourning for him, all but the distressed Candiope, who, having in less than three quarters of an hour built a superb Mausoleum, and buried him in it, appears at the foot of it in a suit of black bombasin. Here follows a most melancholy scene; she rants, she raves, she grows delirious. She thinks she sees him first to the left, then to the right, then to the left again; but finding at last that she does not see him at all, she draws out a dagger, and is within an inch of suicide, when Mercury stops her, and promises, if she will be quiet, to conduct her down to him to the Elysian Fields. Accordingly she gives him her word, makes a short prayer to the devil, and away they go. The next scene discovers Orion in Elysium. He seems highly delighted with his new lodgings; and in a very sublime soliloquy discusses and elucidates several abstruse points in metaphysics and theology; such as the nature, faculties, and immortality of the soul; the certainty of future rewards and punishments, &c. &c. &c. adding withal, that though he wonders much at Candiope's delay, and is extremely impatient for her coming, yet, when she does come, he shall see her without any emotion whatever. The words are hardly out of his mouth, when the fond Candiope enters with all her flesh and blood about her, and, after paying him a compliment on his new clothes, drops him a
broad

broad hint about marriage. He declines the proposal on account of a certain disparity in their present circumstances; a difficulty which she offers to obviate by dying on the spot: but Mercury frustrates all her hopes at once by taking her back to earth again. After this Diana comforts the queen for the loss of her son; Mercury assures the court and people that he is to be transformed into a constellation; Candiope quits her mourning, and they all sing a long song about a man in a boat, whilst Neptune and Amphitrite, *pour chommer la fete*, politely conclude the whole by dancing a *Pas-de-deux*.

The moral of this opera, if it has any moral at all, is, I suppose, "That men should reverence the gods." But then what a strange oversight has our poet been guilty of? Orion only complains of Diana's cruel treatment of him in depriving him of his beloved Candiope, and for this offence he must die; while Thirsis, the gentle Thirsis! who, merely to compliment Nice, adjures gods, oracles, and destiny, all in a breath, comes off with flying colours.

——— "*i labri tuoi*

"*Sono gli oracoli miei ;*

"*Tu la mia Diva, il mi Destino tu sei.*"

Sure the happy Theban may well say with the frolicksome Siennese, who had been severely punished by the magistrate for robbing an orchard; and who some time after passing through a large vineyard, which had just been laid waste by a hur-

ricane, cried out to his friends, "*Guardate, di grazia, ora se l'avessi fatto io!*"

I have mentioned Thirsis and Nice; I must not omit their duet. Thirsis comes in on one side of the stage, and immediately turning about, asks his Coulisses, whether they have seen Nice? Nice, in the mean time, enters from the other side, and instantly turning about likewise, inquires of her's, what is become of Thirsis? as neither of them receives any answer, they wriggle diagonally towards the front of the stage, where, back to back, like a cleft Janus, they assure the audience, that they are miserable to the last degree in living so far asunder.

As this flight sketch may suffice, Madam, to give you an idea of the merits of the drama, I shall now proceed to examine a little into those of the music.

Bach having discovered the vitiated taste of the town, by an ill success of the Astarte, prudently resolved, as I mentioned before, to comply with it, as far the nature of the thing could possibly admit of. This sage policy likewise answered another very important purpose, which was, to assist the defects and conceal the faults of the voices he had to compose for. Flutes, hautboys, bassoons, and clarinets were accordingly employed; and with so much art, that both actors and audience were equally deceived, the actors attributing the applause to their own abilities, the audience never distinguished between an intrinsically good opera and

and a merely judicious one. It would be unjust, however, not to except from the number a few gentlemen, whose knowledge in composition was too great to be thus imposed on; and who perceived with pain our Italian Cantilena toiling to animate a dull German Contrappunto; incumbered by its weight, and hampered in its unweildiness, like David in Saul's armour.

Such was the drama, and such the music, of the *Orione o sia Diana vindicata*. There wanted but one thing more to render it complete, which was, that the parts should be so cast, that the principal performers should represent characters diametrically opposite to their natural ones. Even this was provided for. The boisterous Quilici became the pacific Eunopione; the sluggish Ciardini, the impetuous Orion; the gay Amicis, the puling Candiope; and the placid Zingoni, the sprightly son of Maia.

On Saturday the 19th of February this motley compound was exhibited for the first time, and was—damned, you will say: far from it, Madam, loudly applauded by a noble and numerous audience. The Amicis, whose flimsy pipe had hitherto neither shake nor swell, was now discovered to be endowed with uncommon execution: she, for whom even comic airs were too serious, was now found to touch the tenderest passions in the most delicate, most pathetic manner; she, whose action was censured as too burlesque even for a lively Italian country girl, now dignified the sorrow of a

distressed Arcadian princess: in a word, the same Amicis, who for three months before had been overlooked and neglected, was now esteemed equal to the Mingotti for voice, to the Sani for expression, and to the Gabrieli for justness of action. This sudden and total change of opinion puts me in mind of what a great monarch once told a celebrated poet, who had written both a lampoon and a panegyric on him within a fortnight, *Ou vous mentiez tantot, ou vous mentez à présent.*

The Orione has met with the reception that the Burlettas had merited; and the manager, in six nights only, amply repaired by it the losses she had sustained during the foregoing part of the winter. I sincerely wish, however, that the event may not prove fatal to the deluded Amicis. Her talents, with proper application and instructions, might render her in a few years what this fascinated town already deems her; but if, fired by ambition, and intoxicated by this injudicious applause, she should rashly attempt in Italy what she has so wonderfully atchieved in London, her ruin is inevitable; she must fall, like Icarus, for having soared above her pitch, and the world be deprived of the most promising actress that ever charmed an audience at eighteen years of age. I have the honour to be,
Madam,

Your most obliged,

and most humble servant,

ARCAN. BIMOLE.

The

The HISTORY of QUACKS.

THE history of Quacks, or strolling vagrants, called *Mountebanks*, *Water Casters*, *Ague Charmers*, &c.

In Edward the Sixth's reign, one Grig, a poulterer in Surry, was set in the pillory at Croydon, and again in the Borough, Southwark, during the time of the fair, for cheating people out of their money, by pretending to cure them by charms, by only looking at the patient, or by casting his water.

In the reign of King James the First, the council dispatched a warrant to the magistrates of the city of London, to take up all reputed empirics, and bring them before the censors of the college, to examine how properly qualified they were to be trusted either with the limbs or lives of his Majesty's subjects.

Dr. Lamb, a most noted quack, and one who had acquired a large fortune by his pretended medicines, was at last obliged to confess he knew nothing of physic.

Read and Woodhouse, two other cotemporary quacks, were likewise brought to justice, and acknowledged the same.

In Stowe's chronicle we meet with a relation of a Water-caster being set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, which he held in his hand, with a collar

collar of urinals about his neck, led by the hangman through the city, whipped, branded, and then banished.

However lenient we are at present, with respect to the notorious illiterate empirics that now infest this nation, more care was taken formerly of the subjects constitution, and their health not suffered to be infected by these poisoners of whole parishes.

Fairfax was fined and imprisoned in King William's time for doing great damage to several people by his Aqua Celestis. One Anthony with his Aurum Potabile; Arthur Dee, for advertising medicines which he gave out would cure people of all diseases; Forster, for selling a powder for the green sickness; Tenant, an urine-caster, who sold his pills for six pounds each; Aires for selling purging sugar-plums; Hunt was punished for putting bills up in the streets for the cure of diseases; Philips, a distiller, for selling his strong waters with directions what they were good for, and how persons were to take them.

Any idle mechanic, not caring longer to drudge at day-labour, by chance gets a dispensatory, or some old receipt book, and poring over it, or perhaps having it read to him, for many of these present mountebanks cannot read, he finds that wild cucumber is powerful in the dropsy; that mercury is good for the itch, and old ulcers; that opium will give ease; savin help young wantons; and glass of antimony will vomit.

Down

Down at once goes the hammer, or the saw, razor, awl, or shuttle—and away to work, to make electuaries, tinctures, elixirs, pills, plaisters, and poultices. Each preparation new named, and his own name decorated with M. D. purchased a lumping penny worth in Scotland. He spreads pestilence around him,—as the mad savage shooting among the multitude with poisoned arrows.

At the best, if any good can be done by these miscreants, it is a chance, as if twenty people fell down a precipice, and two of them should happen to be saved, but not by skill or foresight, but some unforeseen accident in their favour.

People may say, that most quack medicines are not intended against the constitution but only the pocket, and they are too insipid to do either good or harm; but the medicines mentioned above, and which now every dabbler deals in, are in unskilful hands destructive; and we find in our records several persons brought to condign punishment for administering such compositions ignorantly. Particularly one John Not was fined and imprisoned for having killed sundry persons with some of those before mentioned dangerous medicines. Thomazine Scarlet, and two more women, were severely punished for tampering with mercurial medicines.

Formerly these poison-venders were prosecuted by the government with proper rigour: they were tried and convicted for destroying people, by giving them medicines unduly prepared; and transported

ported for the same. This was the case of one Trig, a shoemaker, in Queen Ann's time.

One William Forrester was severely punished for selling the bitter apple; and one Simon Foreman, for administering the wild cucumber, as specifics. These fellows confessed, that they knew nothing of the effects of those medicines; that neither of them could write nor read; but that an old woman in the country told them that the bitter apple was good for the scurvy, and the wild cucumber for the dropfy. Evans, a priest, about the same time was punished for running about the country with his antimonial cup, and killing people with it.

It is not four years since a great parcel of the coarsest aloes, which to the writer's knowledge, two farriers refused to buy to give to horses, were sent up to London, and sold to one of these desperate quacks, made into pills, and given as an universal medicine.

The impostors of the present times would persuade the world, that there is not any thing more easy than curing the most inveterate disease—they put at the end of their names, M. D. just as some gamblers are directed to with Esq; after their's, to impose on the multitude.

Cobblers now set up for regular-bred physicians; hackney coachmen and ticket porters for anatomists and natural philosophers; washer-women for chymists; tumblers, merry-andrews, and posture-masters, for bone-setters, oculists, and menmidwives.

Nothing

Nothing can equal the ignorance of such empirics, but the stupidity of those people who buy their unwholesome preparations.

Let us consider only, in the case of those patients who have purchased any of these medicines, called Purging ones, and that the Old Bailey, or Ludgate-hill M. D.'s insist on it, their medicines are wholesome.—Granted, that they are so, and will act cathartically. Is purging necessary, do they know? or what particular purge will best suit the years, sex, and constitution? and how, or in what quantity, to be administered?

I have known men troubled with the piles, destroyed by such contra-acting purges; and several women, weak enough to fancy themselves judges of their own cases, or by an ill-timed nicety, not caring to acquaint their apothecary or physician, have been ruined by such terrible forcing compositions.

Many are torn to pieces by violent cholics, and killed out right by bloody-fluxes. Fevers, consumptions, palsies, and ruptures are often occasioned by such preparations; and I will affirm, that these hellish drugs are always attended with a train of fatal consequences.

The scurvy and the worms are two names, now become a subterfuge of ignorance, for every less apparent distemper, or the more hidden symptoms of disease; and many under dangerous mistakes of this sort are lamentably harrassed. Also scores of little infants yearly destroyed by the very remedies
the

the unhappy parents were prevailed on to administer, in order to destroy these supposed worms.

The use of cordials, as advertised, is extremely prejudicial. There is no provision these puffed specifics make for particular cases; and the spirit, with which they are drawn off, to infirm constitutions is fatal; yet the common people believe it is in those cases they are most wanted.

A few simples, with some spices, such as nutmegs, cloves, &c. steeped in wine or French brandy, make a cordial bitter, or stomach elixir: but these quacks don't prepare what they sell us as such, in any thing better than malt spirits, or molasses.

At this time of the year, the common people begin to drink the spirits of scurvy-grass, as a fine alterative or expeller: yet, as it is sold by those imposters, it is one of the most pernicious and destructive remedies ever advertised, especially to hot saline habits, with whom the disease has been so aggravated, that they have broke out in boils; others have been drove into hectics and consumptions. Nor is it likely it should be otherwise, where no regard is had to state, sex, age, or habit of body.—But, led away by the name, it is indiscriminately sold alike to all.

An original Letter from a Knight of the Post, to
a celebrated Quack Doctor.

To Doctor —

Hond. Sir,

AS I see you ave afferdavids at the end off yor bil, I shall be redy too farve you as chep as any bodey in London will do. I ave bin imploide by a grat maney Doctors to sware for hem, and I will sware wat you plese, butt you must kep it a sic-critt. I ham verry thinn in my body, and lok sic-cely, so as how the Justice will believe I ave ben cewrd. I will sware before my Lord Mare, or any of the fittin Aldurmens, excep Justis Feeldin, for he fond me out onct, for swarin falsley for the Grek Water Doctor. I will also drau up the Affardavids if you plese, for I was bredd to phizzic myeself, and no most of the turms and ard wurds. Mye pric for a Kansur is five shillings, and the sam for the fool dizzies, and the Kin zevel. Plese to dirrec for me at Mrs. Jonson's in Lon Lain, Chepside.

Your humble sarvant to command,

JOHN WITTAKER.

P. S. I shant sware by mye one name, but aney others, and mye wif will sware alsoe, iff you want her.

Mr.

Mr. OAKLEY'S LETTER, or a WARNING
for JEALOUSY.

YOU must know, Sir, that I am lately married to a young lady, as the news-papers very justly said, of *beauty and fortune, and who possesses every accomplishment necessary to make the marriage state happy*; and what I thought no small accomplishment among the rest, she was never in London any more than myself before I made her my wife. We have been married but four months, and you see I date my letter from Grosvenor-street. However, if I can persuade her to go back into Worcestershire again, all may be well, for I believe there is no harm done yet, though I think she will have had an escape; and I shall be relieved from many a sweat for my forehead.

I am not naturally jealous, nor did she ever give me the least room for jealousy, till lately; I was going one morning up to her dressing-room, to ask her if she would walk in the Park; I overheard her say, "It is impossible, Mr. Baltazer, to-day, "but to morrow Mr. Oakley will be out all the "morning, and I will expect you at twelve precisely." Bless me! thought I, what, an assignation with a man in her dressing-room! and immediately a good smart young fellow tript by me down stairs; I took no notice to him, but I hastened to my wife: "Who," says I with much confusion, "was

“was that who left you just now?” “Nobody, my
 “dear,” says she, “but the hair-dresser.” “Nay,”
 says I, “I am sure, I saw a man, a young fellow.”
 “I tell you, my dear, you saw nobody but the
 “hair-dresser;” and she said it with so much uncon-
 cern, that it confirmed my suspicion, and I took
 her negligent air for a proof of her being practised
 in this business of intrigue. I then took her hastily
 by the hand, and with much earnestness, “Don’t
 “distress me, Mrs. Oakley,” said I, “tell me who
 “that person was, that you have made an appoint-
 “ment with for to-morrow at twelve?” “Why,
 “with Mr. Baltazer, the hair-dresser: you know
 “you are to be out to-morrow, and I ordered him
 “to come then, that he might not prevent my going
 “out with you to-day.” “What,” said I, “would
 “you have a man to dress your hair, Mrs. Oak-
 “ley? you who would scarce let me see you put
 “your cap on till within this week.” “Why, my
 “dear,” says she, “I desired lady Midnight to re-
 “commend me to her tire-woman, and she smiled,
 “and told me, no woman could dress hair fit to
 “be seen; Baltazer, who did her business, was
 “employed by all the ladies of fashion, and was
 “the only man in his way: you know, my dear,
 “if one lives in London, one would do the same as
 “other people.” I dropt the conversation, and we
 sallied forth towards the Park; but I own I could
 not help ruminating on her parting so readily with
 that remarkable delicacy, which I had ever admired
 her for, out of compliance with fashion.

I don't believe the affair of Baltazer kept me at home, but I found no inclination to keep my engagement the next morning; and as my staying away would be no great disappointment to my party, I determined not to stir out. About eleven o'clock, a servant comes into the room and asked for his mistress, saying, there was a person come to wait upon her; she overheard the servant, and ordered him to send the young man up stairs. Bless me, thinks I, this male hair-dresser is in a great hurry to wait upon her, when he comes an hour before he is ordered. I felt a curiosity to talk with this *friseur*; and to say the truth, my curiosity was, strange as it may seem, to see him first through the key-hole. Accordingly I soon applied my eye to the place of observation, and, to my surprise and mortification, saw Mr. Baltazer, as I imagined, down upon his knees before my wife, holding her right foot, with the shoe off, elevated some distance from the ground, and pressing it, seemingly with great earnestness, between both his hands; so as to convince me that he was going to shew the ardour of his passion, by kissing her ladyship's toe, if I was not to make my appearance. This I immediately did, to the great surprize of the happy pair; for Mrs. Oakley gave a violent shout at my entrance, and cry'd out, "Bless me, my dear! I thought you had been out: was not you engaged?" and my hapless rival at the same time dropt her foot, rose up, and made me a most respectful bow. "Oh! your servant, Mr. Baltazer," said

said I, "I perceive your business is rather to adorn
 "my head than my wife's."—"Baltazer!" says Mrs.
 Oakley; "this, my dear, is Mr. Upperleather the
 "shoemaker" "—go on with your measure, Mr.
 "Upperleather, I expect Mr. Baltazer every minute;
 "but, my dear Mr. Oakley, as I find you are at
 "home, I'll not have my hair dressed to-day, if you
 "think of our walk in the Park."—I was glad to
 find my surprize was not perceived by her, and
 agreed that we should walk to prevent my discover-
 ing it, if I was to enter into any discourse, and I
 left the room under pretence to fetch my hat and
 cane.

A few days after this I had another sweat; I
 had one morning just placed my faithful messenger
 at the key-hole of Mrs. Oakley's dressing-room; for
 these he-creatures that ran so familiarly about my
 house, had made such an impression upon me, that I
 never came into her presence without this method
 of enquiring first whether I was impertinent or not;
 I found this morning another Baltazer along with
 Madam, who could not pretend to be either hair-
 dresser or shoemaker; she was standing before him
 without her gown, and with her neck quite bare;
 he appeared to me as if he was admiring the charms
 which presented themselves to his view; though I
 must confess, not as a lover, but with the cool
 curious eye of a dealer in female slaves. As they
 stood, I considered her as a fair Circassian passing
 an examination for sale, and that he was surveying
 the premises, marking the air and mien, the sym-

metry and proportion of limbs, to see whether she would be worth his money. I could not refrain from laughing at this sight, which I did not comprehend the meaning of, though I felt at the same time a degree of anger and uneasiness. I was angry to see this Cimon, who seemed young, and in good case, though a Frenchman, so dull and insensible to charms, which set me all on fire at the sight, though she was my wife, and I was uneasy to find Mrs. Oakley could expose herself, without a blush, even to such a Cimon, whatever might be his business. I opened the door, "and what! dressing or undressing?" says I, "my dear! and has lady Midnight recommended this monsieur to you for a lady's maid?" But just as I had said this, I discovered the measure in his hand, and by the piece of silk which I saw upon the table, I found that honest Mrs. Flounce, the mantuamaker, was not so good a hand at a lady's shape, as one of our sex.

My next alarm was somewhat more affecting than this. A few mornings after, I saw a fourth gentleman in great familiarity with my dear tormentor. He pulled off her gown, she then suffered him to pull off her handkerchief, which he seemed to do with great eagerness: I thought I perceived the dog's eyes, at what he saw, flash with fire: he directly went behind her, and with much haste began to unlace her stays, which he performed with such dexterity, that I could not doubt but he was used too much to this business. When I saw the stays off, I was satisfied, and could not wait

to see what was to be done next; in I go, and
 “pray,” says I, “my dear, is this lady Midnight’s
 “man-milliner? and is he going to try on your
 “new shifts? In the name of decency what are you
 “both about? Upon my honour I blush for you,
 “my dear.” “Blush for me, Mr. Oakley! Pray is
 “there any harm in having my new stays tried on?”
 “No harm,” says I, “perhaps, but much indeli-
 “cacy, by any man but your husband.” “Lord,
 “Sir,” says monsieur Tagg with a sneering smile,
 “I lace and unlace ladies stays of the first fashion
 “every day in my life; and unmarried ladies too.”
 “Very likely so,” says I, “Mr. Tagg, and I be-
 “lieve you are often forced to change their stays
 “for jumps. But go on with your business.”—“I
 “ask your pardon,” says I, “my dear, for inter-
 “rupting you,” and I left the room.

But all that has hitherto passed does not in any
 degree equal what I am going to relate. Goats and
 monkeys—I could almost swear to part beds,
 when I think of what my wife endured from the
 fifth man that made his appearance in her dressing
 room. In my curious peeping as usual, I saw a
 male figure on the couch with Mrs. Oakley, whom
 I could not consider as friseur, shoemaker, man-
 tuamaker, or staymaker. He had her not by the
 foot, he had not stripped her of her gown, nor
 was she without her stays; he was more modest
 than the former male attendants on her, and yet
 less modest. I saw him,—I saw him—in short, I
 was convinced my rival was in the room with her,

and I could not rest a moment till I took the villain by the throat. Upon endeavouring to open the door, I found it was locked; this, and the blush which I had seen on her cheek, for the first time, the low voice in which they both talked, added to the couch scene, determined me to break open the door. My foot applied to a pannel, soon gained me admission into the room; you will perhaps be at a loss to figure to yourself the appearance of all three at my entrance; Mrs. Oakley screamed out, and fell back, quite pale, upon the couch; my rival started up, and looked as red as a turkey-cock, and I by turns appeared as white as the one, and as red as the other. I rung the bell for a maid to look to her mistress, who lay in a swoon on the couch, and I carried the gentleman down stairs, to satisfy me about what had, or what had liked to have passed. I soon found that the gentleman I had treated so roughly, had acted in his profession as a midwife, having been sent for by Mrs. Oakley, on a suspicion of her being with-child. I was sorry I had exposed myself, but I own I was very happy that I was not in the right, and that my wife was not in the wrong. The doctor shall have my consent to say I looked like a jack-ass, as he can't say I could butt like a bull.

I have sent you this simple narrative about a simple country couple, in hopes of having your thoughts upon this prevailing practice of employing men in those occupations that, modestly speaking, belong to women: I will not say, that what
has

has passed has made me conclude harshly about my wife's virtue, but I must confess she dresses looser than she was used; she suffers greater familiarities from impertinent young coxcombs, and I don't look upon these charms, which I used to dwell with raptures upon, as entirely my own, since I have enjoyed them in common with hair-dressers, shoemakers, mantuamakers, staymakers, and man-midwives. I will go so far as to own, that I do not suffer so much in the thought of my wife's having miscarried since the last mentioned surprize, as I should have done had she never seen London.

I am, &c.

Yours

JOHN OAKLEY.

The HISTORY of MONJOY and Madam
D'ESCOMBAS. A true Story.

A CITIZEN of Paris, who, though he could not amass wealth, for the acquisition where of he had an inordinate passion, made by his unwearied efforts, wherewithal to maintain his small family handsomely; he had a daughter, whose beauty seemed to be the gift of heaven bestowed upon her to encrease the happiness of mankind, though it proved in the end fatal to herself, her lover, and her husband. Monsieur D'Escombas, a citizen advanced in years, could not behold this brilliant

beauty without desire. The father of Isabella, for that was the name of the young lady, was highly pleased at meeting with so advantageous a match for his daughter, as old D'Escombas was very rich, and willing to take her without a portion; which circumstance was sufficient, in the opinion of a man, whose ruling passion was a sordid attachment to interest, to atone for the want of person, virtue, sense, and every other qualification. Isabella, who had no alternative but the choice of a convent, or Mr. D'Escombas, preferred being consigned to his monumental arms, to being, as it were, buried alive in the melancholy gloom of a convent. The consequences of this unnatural union were such as might be expected; as Madam D'Escombas in secret loathed her husband, her temper was in a short time soured by living with him, and she totally lost that ingenuous turn of mind and virtuous disposition, which she had received from nature. Certain it is that a woman's virtue is never in greater danger, than when she is married to a man she dislikes; in such a case, to adhere strictly to the laws of honour is almost incompatible with the weakness of human nature. Madam D'Escombas was courted by several young gentlemen of an amiable figure and genteel address; and it was not long before her affections were entirely fixed by Monjoy, an engineer, who was equally remarkable for the gentility of his person, and the politeness of his behaviour. There is not a city in the world where married women live with less restraint than at
Paris;

Paris; nothing is more common there than for a lady to have a declared gallant, if I may be allowed the expression; infomuch, that women, in that gay and fashionable place, may be justly said to change their condition for the reason assigned by lady Townly in the play, namely, to take off that restraint from their pleasures which they lie under when single. Monsieur D'Escombas was highly mortified to see Monjoy in such high favour with his wife; yet he did not know how to get rid of him, though he had not the least doubt that he dishonoured his bed. On the other hand, Madam D'Escombas and Monjoy, who looked upon the old man as an obstacle to their pleasures, were impatient for his death; and the lover often declared, in the presence of his mistress, that he was resolved to remove the man who stood between him and the happiness of calling her his own. In a word, he plainly discovered his intention of assassinating her husband, and she, by keeping the secret, seemed to give a tacit consent to his wicked purpose. Their design was to marry publicly, as soon as they could dispatch a man who was equally odious to them both, as a spy who watched all their motions, and kept them under constant restraint. It was not long before Monjoy had the opportunity he wished for; he happened accidentally to sup with the husband of his mistress at a house not far from the Luxemburgh palace, and supper being over, desired him to take a walk with him in the garden belonging to it, which the old man, who

dreaded

dreaded Monjoy as much as he hated him, did not dare to decline. In their way thither, Monjoy found some pretence or other to quarrel with him; and having jostled him down, just as they came to the steps at the entrance of the garden, stabbed him several times in the back, and left him there breathless and covered all over with wounds, which were given in such a manner as made it evident to every body that he had been treacherously killed. It has been justly observed, that murderers often run headlong into the punishment which they have incurred by their crime; and the conduct of Monjoy shews this observation to be just. No sooner had he committed the barbarous action above-mentioned, but he went to a commissary, whose office is much the same in France with that of a justice of peace in England, and declared upon oath, that he had killed D'Escombas in his own defence. The commissary was at first satisfied with his account, and would have dismissed him; but Monjoy being in a great flutter, and continuing to speak, dropt some words, which gave the commissary a suspicion of his guilt. He accordingly sent for the body, and his suspicions were confirmed by a view of it. The assassin was therefore committed to the Chatelet, which is the city prison at Paris, as Newgate is here; the body was likewise sent there, according to custom, and exposed to public view, that the relations and friends of the deceased might come and lay claim to it. No sooner was Madam D'Escombas informed of the confinement of her lover

lover, but, blinded with her passion, she went to visit him in prison, and was there detained upon a suspicion of being an accomplice in the murder.

In the prison Madam D'Escombas and her gallant plunged deep in guilty joys, and a child, whose education Madam Adelaïd took charge of, after the tragical death of these lovers, was the fruit of their unlawful amours. Monjoy, though he rioted in blifs, and his passion for Madam D'Escombas continued unabated, was, however, from time to time seized with a deep melancholy: he knew himself to be guilty of the murder, and had not the least doubt but he should fall a victim to public justice: he therefore joined with the friends and relations of Madam D'Escombas, in endeavouring to persuade her to go for England, for he was aware of the weakness of human nature, and justly apprehensive that tortures might force from him a confession which would prove fatal to one who was dearer to him than himself. Madam D'Escombas, blinded by her passion for Monjoy, and doomed to destruction, would never give ear to this advice; she thought herself secure in her lover's attachment, and never once imagined, that a near view of death might shake the firm resolution he had made never to impeach her. Just about the time that the murder above related was committed, the parliament of Paris, which is the chief court of justice in the kingdom, and without the concurrence of which no criminal can be brought to justice, was first removed to Pontoise, and then banished

banished to Soissons, on account of their severe proceedings against the archbishop of Paris, who had given positive orders to all priests and curates, not to administer the sacrament to any but such as could produce certificates from their confessor. This circumstance procured our guilty lovers a year and a half of added life, for that space of time elapsed before the return of the parliament, and till then it was not possible to bring them to a trial. They availed themselves of the time which they owed to the absence of their judges, and drank deep draughts of the cup of love; but it was dashed with poisonous ingredients, which at last made them both rue their ever having tasted it. They were roused from their trance of pleasure by the return of the parliament, which was no sooner recalled, but Monjoy was brought to a trial, and being upon the fullest evidence found guilty of the murder of Monsieur D'Escombas, was condemned to be broke alive upon the wheel. Amidst all the torments which he suffered in receiving the question ordinary and extraordinary, he persisted to affirm that he had no accomplices; and the guilty wife of D'Esombas would have escaped from justice, had not a principle of religion, imbibed from his infancy, had more power upon the mind of her lover than even the most excruciating bodily pain.

The confessor who attended Monjoy upon the scaffold refused positively to give him absolution if he did not discover his accomplices, telling him in the most peremptory sense, that he could not
 hope

hope for salvation, if he concealed them from the knowledge of the world. This had such an effect upon the unhappy man, who was on the verge of eternity, that he desired Madam D'Escombas might be sent for; she was accordingly brought in a coach, and Monjoy, told her in the presence of the judges, that she was privy to the murder of her husband. Upon hearing this she immediately fainted away, and was carried back to prison. Her lover was, pursuant to his sentence, broke alive upon the wheel, after having made a pathetic remonstrance to the standers-by, and Madam D'Escombas was about a month afterwards hanged at the Greve at Paris upon his impeachment.

HAPPINESS: Or the History of M. G.

I HAVE been thirty-five years in pursuit of happiness, and like most other mortals engaged in the same chace, find myself thrown out, as it were, and as distant from the object as at my first starting. You must know, Madam, that at the age of eighteen I came to this great metropolis, consigned to the care of a rich uncle in a wholesale way of business. My attention and assiduity recommended me to his favour; and after the expiration of eight years, during which time I had served him with diligence and fidelity, he took the resolution, being then in his sixty-second year, of retiring into the country,

and

and put me in possession of his trade and warehouse. For twenty years I pursued his steps with all the care, and, as the fashionable word is, œconomy, that I was master of. During these twenty years of labour and fatigue, I was constantly envying the happy situation of my uncle's retirement, and painted in my mind ten thousand beauties that his little box and fields all about in the country afforded him. I resolved to pay him a visit for three years successively, before I had time, or, in other words I had resolution to lay out so much money as the journey would cost me; however, I arrived at last, in the month of August, at his little house near Salop. After the usual questions of "how do you do?" and "what sort of a journey have you had?" and the like, he came to the main point. "Well, George, what have you saved? "How does your book stand?" I told him I had realized six thousand pounds, besides my stock in trade. The old gentleman with rapture cried out, "that's a good boy—" "I now shew you my grounds and fields with pleasure; follow me." As we walked on, you may easily conceive, that, after twenty years confinement in London, every lawn, every dale, and every hill, afforded infinite pleasure and satisfaction to my mind; and I painted to myself a thousand raptures and enjoyments, that my uncle must be possessed of in this his situation.

My business, Sir, soon demanded my return to town; but from the moment I came to my counting-house, instead of giving attention to my books
and

and trade, retirement was all in my thoughts, and it was the whole of my wishes. When I rose in the morning, if the sun was out, I was lamenting I had not such a spot as my uncle's, where I might see the force and powers of this wonderful luminary acting upon my flowers, shrubs, and plants. If it rained, I lamented being in London, where I could not observe the great utility of these refreshing showers to bring up the hay, corn, pease, and beans, and other fruits of the earth. From these considerations I determined at all events to quit my business, and retire into the country. I soon found a proper object to resign to, a distant relation of my wife's, who had been bred to the same business. After having fixed him properly in my warehouse, I looked out for my retirement; and as I had been used to drive my wife on a Sunday to Hampton, Dobbin dragged us to the Bell there without my ever thinking of it. But it was the same thing to me. Upon enquiry I found a house was to be let about a mile from the town, with every convenience that I wanted. This I thought would do, as I could come in my chaise to the Sunday night's club, smoke my pipe, and hear the news from my London friends that come to pass the Saturday and Sunday nights. I took the house, and remained in it two years and a half: but, alas! I now found, instead of that happiness which I expected from retirement, the hours between breakfast and dinner were miserably spent; neither could I contrive how to pass them away.

My

My upholsterer, who furnished my house for me, told me I must have a good book-case, and What's-his-name, the Philobiblian in Piccadilly, filled it for me. But though I had Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Virgil, and some poems by one Churchill, who they tell me is still alive, and a volume of the St. James's Magazine by R. Lloyd, M. A. I never looked into any of them. As to my land, I lost the first year more than double my rent: for I knew nothing of ploughing and sowing, tho' I fancied I knew it better than the farmers all put together. Hunting, fishing, and shooting could afford me no entertainment: for I never galloped after any thing but a brother tradesman on a Saturday afternoon, or Sunday morning or night. I never wished to draw other fish to my net, that is, customers to my shop, than those gudgeons who would pay sauce for it. Though a militiaman, I never let off a gun in my life; I should faint at the smell of powder.

I determined therefore to be nearer London, nearer my friends, and yet enjoy my retirement too. For this purpose I took a house by Vauxhall, with some land, which I intended to improve: but instead of turning my thoughts upon that, I was anxious to know how the warehouse and my young relation went on. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, I used to cross the bridge, and had more satisfaction in walking round the warehouse, and seeing the old spot where I had made my money, than all the beauties of Vertumnus
and

and Pomona. I put in these hard names on purpose to convince you, that I was bred at Pole's school. Practice gave an habit; and under pretence of seeing how my relation went on, I went every day to the old shop: and now I find, that not being content with being the real master, I am now at the age of fifty, really and truly, his foreman or journeyman. Habitue has made every other scene of life tasteless and insipid to me; and I as constantly find myself in his warehouse at eleven in the morning, as if I was paid for it, and had no other support. Now, Madam, for the moral. My own practice will shew the extreme folly of striking out new paths, at my age, unsuitable to the mind and education: it will shew also, how very few are capable, from the weakness of their understanding and incapacity of reflecting, to bear that retirement which all men of business are in pursuit of as the certain means of their happiness. Let not, therefore, those who have been used to an active life think of finding happiness in a rural situation, till they are sure that their mind can relish it. Pleasure and pain are greater in imagination than in reality; and however tiresome or disagreeable a man may imagine his own burden to be, was he to exchange it with his neighbour, he would find that load but little different from that which he designed to throw off from his own shoulders. A rural retirement to a man that has been in active scenes in London, I am sure must be a state of misery. Half

our pleasure in this world is owing to our imagination; and though I fancied a retirement was happiness, while I was in possession of its miserable alternative, I am now, in a manner, come back to my old warehouse, to the astonishment of my friends and acquaintance. I, indeed, get nothing by it, as I work even harder than I used to do, without fee or reward: but experience has convinced me, that custom or habitude in man makes his happiness or misery in this world.

M. G.

ACCOUNT of a SUMMER TOUR.

SIR,

I AM just returned from a tour in the country, upon one of these parties of pleasure; but I confess that I never spent three weeks together more miserably. There were four of us in all—two ladies in a post-chaise, with a gentleman and myself, who rode on horseback. There were great disputes among us, before our setting out, concerning what rout it were best to make. The ladies, who are accustomed to call any thing pleasure, provided they have a jaunt, were indifferent to what point of the compass we turned our noses; but they wished us to go to some of the public watering places which have lately come into so much

vogue

vogue. Bristol, Tunbridge, Scarborough, Bright-helmstone, Harrowgate, &c. were all cried up in their turns: my friend wanted us to go westward, for no other reason than because, he said, the inns were very good upon the western road. However, I unfortunately happened to mention the wonders of the Peak, and it was presently agreed, that we should take the tour of Derbyshire on purpose to see them.

We accordingly set out, the chaise loaded with hat-cases, and bundles innumerable, belonging to the ladies. I shall not trouble you with every incident that befel us in our journey; as how we were wet through and through; as how I got a fall from my horse; as how the chaise was in continual danger, as the ladies apprehended, of being overturned; as how we went from the Bear to the Red Lion, from the Red Lion to the Black Swan, and so on; as how, in short, we breakfasted, dined, supped, went to bed, and got up again.

We had not been out four days, but it plainly appeared that the company were tired of each other, and were consequently out of humour with each other. The ladies were under terrible apprehensions about damp sheets and unair'd beds; we cursed the provision, and damned the liquor; all of us yawned in our turns, sat silent, complained of fatigue, or of the weather; and our horses themselves could not be more unwilling to proceed on the journey than we were.

One principal object of these jaunts of pleasure is to see sights, with no other intention than that the travellers might be able to say, that they have seen 'em. How many Londoners have made a party to go to Oxford or Cambridge, and have come away with no greater idea of the colleges and public buildings, than they have of the Charter-house or the companies halls! How many sober tradesmen have left their shops and compting-houses in the summer, while business was slack, and dragged their wives and eldest daughters with them to see the house and gardens at Stowe, though they can have no higher relish for their beauties than they have for the villas about Clapham and Camberwell, or the White Conduit house. You may be sure, Sir, that we did not neglect this material part of our scheme. We went to all the remarkable seats in our way, not because we wanted to see them, but because we had heard them talked of. This was more fatiguing to us than any other part of our journey. Sometimes we were hurried from apartment to apartment, without having leisure or inclination to examine either the building or the furniture. We stared at fine pictures, though we did not know the difference between a Reubens and a sign painter. We admired the architecture, though we could not tell but it might be as heavy and disproportioned as the Mansion-house. At other times, we were sweltered in the sun, or blown through with a north-east wind, while we traversed shrubberies and serpentine walks, and temples,

temples, and canals, with as much speed as if we were walking for a wager. Yet the ladies, Sir, never failed of saying indiscriminately of every thing they saw, or rather not saw——That indeed it was vastly pretty.

We at last came to the famous wilds of Derbyshire, which is called the Peak. Not to dwell upon too many particulars—You may have read, Sir,—perhaps you have printed an account of that part of it, which is distinguished by too coarse an appellation for me to mention; if so, you know full as much, or more of it, I assure you, than we do—who, after having travelled above four hundred miles to and fro on purpose to see it, came back just as wise as we went. The ladies were too *nervous* to venture further than the entrance of the cavern; and the gentlemen, you know, were in good manners bound not to leave them. They were seized with the same horrors at Poole's Hole, which is a cave of the same nature: but I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that they were charmed with the grand cascade at the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chatsworth, and declared it to be infinitely superior to those tin ones at Vauxhall, or either of the playhouses.

Thus have I squandered my time and my money without reaping the least satisfaction in return. And now I have mentioned the expence, give me leave to observe to you, that I do not mean only what it cost me in ducks, chickens, &c. at the inn, in turnpikes, in fees to the chambermaid, ostler,

and boots, or in fees for free ingress and egress at gentlemens houses, parks, and gardens, which latter no traveller ought to grudge, as it is frequently the case, that the servants have no other allowance, and sometimes the owner himself has a share in the perquisites; as some ladies who keep routs go snacks in the card-money. In my late tour it cost me no inconsiderable sum, because we happened to go through Buckinghamshire, when the ladies fell in love with some very fine laces, for which that county is famous: this we men understood as a hint for us to make each of them a present of ruffles, handkerchief, and lappets. At Derby they were put in mind, that no such silk stockings could be had any where as here; consequently we could do no less than desire their acceptance of half a dozen pair each. They wanted sadly to make Manchester in their way; but I objected to it, as a place not worth seeing, because I secretly knew that all ladies of taste are prodigiously fond of the ginghams manufactured there, which make the prettiest negligees for summer imaginable.

I shall conclude, Sir, with telling you, that if I ever travel again upon a party of pleasure, it shall be alone, like an out-rider, with no other incumbrance than my bags swung across the horse's back, and my great coat strapt upon the saddle before me.

Yours,

HUMPHRY GADABOUT.

The

The Bad CONSEQUENCES of keeping Low COMPANY

I KNOW not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than in falling into low company. He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it impossible ever to rise again. We cannot give a liberal turn of mind to a vulgar man, by introducing him to genteel company, any more than we can make a beau of him by dressing him in embroidery: but a gentleman will as naturally catch the manners of a blackguard by mixing with blackguards, as he would daub his cloaths with soot by running against a chimney-sweeper.

By low company I would not be supposed to mean the best and most valuable part of mankind, which have been distinguished by the name of middling sort of people; though I am not ignorant, that these are despised by all who would be thought to keep the best company. The apes of quality affect to look upon all others, who have no relish for the amusements of high life, or do not chuse to pay a guinea for their ordinary, as downright vulgars: and it was with the utmost

contempt I once heard a young coxcomb of fashion speak of a most intimate friend, "that he should be forced to drop his acquaintance, because he kept such low company." Neither would I confine this appellation solely to the inferior order of tradesmen and merchants, or the whole body of the nobility in general: for although this rank of people may be literally said to be in low life, a right honourable, who lets himself down to the manners of a porter or a hackney-coachman, differs from them in nothing but his title.

A propensity to low company is either owing to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the fore-mentioned causes. Those who are naturally of a grovelling disposition shew it even at school by chusing their play-mates from the scum of the class; and are never so happy, as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. But the most frequent cause is the desire of being, as it is called, the head of the company; and a person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of the gentleman. It sometimes happens, that a man of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or a cyder-cellar: and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy-house in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There

There are some, who have been led into low company merely from an affectation of humour, and from a notion of seeing life, and a desire of being accounted men of humour, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from Whitechapel and Broad St. Giles's. Of these characters the most remarkable is a young fellow of family and fortune, who was born and bred a gentleman, but has taken great pains to degrade himself, and is now as complete a blackguard as those whom he has chosen for his companions. He will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, and eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. All the while he is reckoned by his friends to be a mighty good natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

In order to qualify himself for the society of the vulgar, Bob has studied and practised all the vulgar arts under the best masters. He has therefore cultivated an intimacy with Buckhorse, and is very proud of being sometimes admitted to the honour of conversing with the great Broughton himself. He is also very well known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: but his greatest excellence is cricket-playing, in which he is reckoned as good at bat as either of the Bennets; and is at length arrived at the supreme dignity of being distinguished among his brethren of the wicket by the title of Long Robin.

It

It is diverting enough to consider the fate of many of Bob's intimate friends and acquaintance. It must be owned, that some of these have come to an untimely end; that some have been sent abroad, and others been fet in the pillory, or whipt in Bridewell. One of Bob's favourite amusements is attending the executions at Tyburn: and it once happened, that one of his companions was unfortunately brought thither; when Bob carried his regard for his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Bob constantly affects to mimic the air and manners of the vulgar, he takes care to enrich his conversation with the emphatical oaths and expressive dialect of Billingsgate and St. Giles's; which never fails to recommend him as a man of excellent humour among the Choice Spirits, and the sons of sound sense and satisfaction, and frequently promotes him to the chair in these facetious societies. But he is particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the lingo of sharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he greatly sets off and heightens by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws.

Bob has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours: and he is well known to every street-walker between Charing-Cross and Cheap-side. This has ruined his constitution, and often involved him in several unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently

quently bruised, beat, and kicked by the bullies in Fleet Ditch and Blood-bowl Alley; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull in St. Jame's Park. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish about a mistress in a night-cellar. He had carried down a bunter which he had picked up in the streets, in order to treat her with a quartern of gin-royal; when a sturdy chairman attempting to take away his doxy, a battle ensued between them, and he was severely handled, amidst the universal cry of the whole company of—"Kick him up stairs, "kick him up stairs."

CHARACTERS of CAMILLA and FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her

her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free
both

both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she overawes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the flavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! how different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular

regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native, feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with
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the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

AN ESSAY ON IMPUDENCE.

THERE is a certain quality, which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient of itself, not only to carry its possessor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader, that the quality I mean is Impudence; so dear is this to one female at least, that it effectually recommends a man to Fortune without the assistance of any other qualification. She seems, indeed, to think with the poet, that,

— *He who hath but Impudence*

To all things hath a fair pretence;

and accordingly provides, that those who want modesty, shall want nothing else.

What

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is composed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain: so far I think experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion, that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection, unless in a mind totally unincumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem, that Nature had agreed with Fortune, in setting a high value on Impudence; and had accordingly decreed, that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands, were amply provided for without any other portion.

And surely it is not without reason, that I call this the gift of nature; indeed Genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion, not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm, "That it is not in the power of every man to be impudent who would be so." A man, born without any genius, may as reasonably hope to become such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature, however, must give the seeds, art may cultivate them. To improve, or to depress their growth, is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precepts for this purpose would require a large treatise. It
shall

shall suffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal use. This is, with the utmost care, to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is any wise praise-worthy out of the mind; and secondly, to preserve this in the purest state of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation of Impudence; the more a man knows, the more inclined is he to be modest; it is, indeed, within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey its own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of Impudence, that it is the quality, which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far indeed that, did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe, that there have been men in the world of such astonishing impudence, as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes, as well in their lifetime, as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in Impudence, whom perhaps the world ever produced, appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines.

This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Castellane, Seigneur de Caille & de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland, to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the life time of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in possession of his forfeited estate, upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature; without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least account of any of his family? indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprized to hear, that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier? and this success would have been final, had not the canton of Bern interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris; where, at last, the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us, that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who

had been fellow students with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person, goes on thus: "But what was most strange, was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of his success. It is in vain to form a project of usurping the name of another, to lay your plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a stock of impudence to support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt, the forehead must be furnished as well without as within; more indeed will depend on the outside: for it is the steadiness of the front, hardness, or downright audacity, which impose on mankind the most, and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; but his invincible assurance repaired all, and brought over even his enemies to his side." And to say truth, I know scarce any thing to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating who you are not, seems to be attended with too great difficulties; and to succeed in it, is perhaps beyond the power of Impudence; we are not, therefore, to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted Impudence of engaging in such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to

lessen our admiration, but to say of such a hero with Ovid,

—*Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

But if, in personating the *who*, Impudence is found unequal to the task; in personating *what* we are not is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here, I believe, the undertaker seldom fails but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My Lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious man, he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality, and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man.—If you are a block-head, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery: if, again, you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for its opposite virtue or endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of Impudence which I shall mention, is to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time, perhaps, you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little to

to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a w—e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed, to throw of all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to shew, as De Roty says of a court lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of Impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

AN ESSAY ON THE SPLEEN.

THE spleen is a tyrannical distemper, which, in defiance of reason, rules us by fancy; for it is evident, that though the painful folly of this perturbation of mind be obvious to common sense, yet the greatest sense cannot cure it. It makes us sick without disease, and angry without provocation; we feel tortures where there is no pain, and see terrors where there is no danger. To pretend to remove it by argument and consideration, is, by the remedy, to increase the disease; it is fed by reflection, and serious thoughts are fuel to it. It is therefore to reason, what the gout is to physicians, the bane and disgrace of it. When one is under the strong influence of this malady, I know not whether a rigorous application

to religion be adviseable; since it is the nature of it to fill the head with fanaticism, or the mind with despair; for, as I believe, the spleen will, upon fair trial, be found answerable for most of the self-murders that have been committed, so I doubt not, but all devotional ravings, wild visions, and idle prophecies, may be honestly laid to the same parent. How many tomes of divinity have been begotten by the vapours? Such systems are the gloomy dreams of melancholy monks, who cloath religion with the blackness, giddiness and anguish of their own solitary spirits.

—In constitutions where this humours distemper prevails, it is surprizing how trifling a matter will inflame it. I have known a gentleman of the finest understanding more disturbed by killing of a spider, than he would have been at the death of a coach-horse. There was a melancholy old fellow in Somersetshire, who being a great smoaker, had set his heart so much upon tobacco-pipes, that to have broken one in his presence would certainly have cost you a broken head. He is said to have consulted a civilian, whether he could not be divorced from his wife, because she had been the destruction of half a dozen of these his beloved tubes by sitting down upon them. And I could likewise mention a professor of mathematics, in a certain university, who, by the long study of sounds, came to fancy himself a bell; and claiming kindred of all brass pots and kettles, struck three of his maid's teeth down her throat, for laming a little swarthy cousin
of

of his called a Saucepan. I shall never forget an ingenious doctor of physick, who was so jealous of the honour of his whiskers, which he was pleased to christen, The emblems of his virility, that he resolutely made the sun shine through every unhappy cat that ill fate threw in his way. He magnanimously professed, That his spirit could not brook it, that any cat in Christendom, noble or ignoble, should rival the reputation of his upper lip.—In every other respect our physician was a well-bred person, and, which is as wonderful, understood Latin. But we see the deepest learning is no charm against the spleen.

As the ladies rival the men in most things, and outshine them in all, they have run away with an elder brother's part, even of the spleen. It seems to have taken a liking to their constitutions, and even kills them with its company and kindness: for this harpy has a nice stomach, and loves to prey upon female flesh. It is therefore no wonder that so many of them look wan and withered, when they are forced to give suck and nourishment to a glutton, that is ever feeding, but never full.

But they bear this distemper, not only with contentment but triumph; for it is the mode; and a queen's handkerchief, a monkey, and a pretty fellow, are not more fashionable. There's the swimming Mrs. Armful in Cheapside, who has cheeks like a pair of globes, and eats two pounds of pudding at a meal, besides roast beef and custard; and yet is so bewitched with an unnatural love of the

spleen, that neither her bulk nor her stomach can shame her out of it. It is not much otherwise with Miss Biddy, her daughter, who romps, and laughs, and leaps over stools, and then cries, Oh, the vapours! I freely grant there are many fashionable females, who need not be at the least pains to convince us, that they are troubled with spleen and peevishness; or, if they please, with the vapours. That modish merchant's wife near Crutched Friars must have been over head and ears in the fashion, who going one morning to church, and perceiving a drop at the poor reader's nose, went home and miscarried, and never went to church since. My lady Pepper is a very fond wife, but very apt not to sleep at nights, and to wonder that Sir Thomas will not keep himself awake, and divert her; but Sir Thomas is not always in the humour: however, madam never fails, by several arts and motions, to interrupt his quiet and snoring. The knight, being in years, loves rest better than he should do; and, to obtain it, is grown cunning and spiteful; for, when he would avoid these nocturnal hints and persecutions, he always picks a quarrel with my lady's parrot; and one cross word to that favourite fowl is sure to intitle him to sleep in laziness and security for a fortnight together. In the beginning of May last, the politic old fellow had a mind to live a single life for some time; and, to procure it, told Madam, one day, as she was discoursing to Poll, "Damn your parrot! he's as hoarse as a raven." It was enough! — The baronet had his bed

to

to himself all summer long: but I am told, that he had the goodness, in the Dog-days, to be friends with his wife and the parrot. Who does not pity the gentle countess of Startwell? By the tragical shutting of a door, her monkey lost a joint of his tail, and she an heir to the earl's estate.

So easy it is to put these puny creatures into the spleen, that is, into the fashion, I am apt to think their husbands, and their servants, would pass their time of vassalage with much more peace and resignation, if these thorough-bred ladies were not quite so modish.

If I may speak of myself towards the rear of this essay, I must own, that as good a natured civil person as I am, the spleen is now and then too hard for me: nothing is so apt to fling me into it as harsh noises and uncouth sounds; a fow-gelder's horn, or a poet's repeating his own verses, never misses to set my spirit and my teeth on edge. Let this warn a little gentleman with a great voice, who generally stands with his back to the fire, in a great coffee-house near the Temple, not to pour any more of his poetry into my ear; for it always turns my stomach, and puts me into a most perverse humour. I know he cannot help it; for by long observation I find, that as soon as the heat of a good coal fire inspires his posteriors, his wit and verses rise forcibly from below, and bubble in great profusion out at his mouth.

To conclude with a piece of advice, and a moral, I cannot but think it opposite to good nature to be
angry

angry at a splenetic: his reason is suspended by his distemper; and while he bites his lips and nails he punishes himself upon himself.

On the SAGACITY of some INSECTS.

ANIMALS, in general, are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver shew the greatest signs of this when united: But when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee, or ant, seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat
of

of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with an horny substance, which however does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it spins into a thread coarser or finer as it chuses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly; then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread transversely fixing one end to the first thread, that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called an House-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of his own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours

labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong-hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprized when I saw the spider immediately fall out, and, in less than a minute, weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon
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perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in his net, but those, it seems, were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish, wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprizing. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not fall out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first, it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spider is much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their maternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good
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fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old however they do not still continue to encrease, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entire stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

A LETTER from a TRAVELLER to his Friend
in ENGLAND.

My dear WILL, *Cracow, Aug. 2, 1765.*

YOU see, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease every where but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of an hermit, but not his ease.

The

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude, ignorant, pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two such characters you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and out of my own country the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants; a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in strange disorder; when our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving with ecstasy about two pence

for her trouble. In general we were better served by the women than the men on these occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront seven fold! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted an habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and their ideas: their ears and their shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels, is never so strong as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, perhaps, indeed, it is my
only

only boast, that I am of that happy country: though I scorn to starve there; though I do not chuse to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to lay hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Yours, &c.

AN ESSAY on the NECESSITY of a POLITE
INTERCOURSE between Men and Women.

IT is a general complaint made by my fair countrywomen, that the gentlemen, regardless of that respect and attention which are at all times due to their charms, shew a great averfeness to their company. I fear this charge cannot be controverted, and am sorry to see the truth manifested in the constrained deportment, inelegant address, and uncouth attempts at politeness, that almost universally characterize the youth of this island.

Certain it is, that a frequent liberal intercourse with that more refined part of our species, which is happily described by the appellation of the Beau Sex, so powerfully influences, not only our manner and behaviour, but our way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain delicacy of sentiment,

which extends itself even to the most minute circumstances of life. And from hence it is, that our neighbours, the French, have established throughout Europe that character of politeness, which we do not chuse to be at the trouble of emulating, as we find it much more easy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord Anglois, while the profusion with which he disperses his guineas, creates astonishment in the mechanics of Paris, conscious of a deficiency in that ease and elegant freedom which he observes in every man of education whom he meets, shuns all good company; and after reluctantly spending three months between the Hôtel and the several places of public diversion, returns to his native soil, strongly impressed with the most contemptuous idea of the French, whom, though he has but literally seen, he takes the liberty to describe as a superficial, volatile nation, for no other reason perhaps than that they are perfectly skilled in the most entertaining, I had almost said, useful art, that invention can suggest, which is, to trifle agreeably.

A Frenchman has no more idea of a party of pleasure without ladies, than an Englishman can entertain the least conception of enjoying himself, until they retreat. From those opposite dispositions it arises, that the first introduces himself with a becoming unconcern into company, and is master of that *bienveillance*, which distinguishes the gentleman, and performs all offices of life without the least embarrassment: whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find gentlemen of family and fortune

fortune who know nothing of the fair sex, but what they have collected from the most abandoned part of it, and can scarce reckon a virtuous family within the whole scope of their acquaintance. It is not unpleasant to observe one of his class, when chance or necessity has brought him into a room with ladies of reputation. An aukward restraint hangs about him, and he is almost afraid to speak, lest he should inadvertently bolt out something, which, though extremely suitable to the dialect of Covent-Garden, would be grossly offensive to those females, who had not received their rudiments of education in that seminary. The gloom that hangs over an English company, while the ladies remain, and the reciprocal restraint that each sex seems to be upon the other, has been frequently a subject of ludicrous observations to foreigners; and indeed the fair ones themselves, though natives, and to the manner born, frequently express astonishment at what mysteries the men can have to celebrate, so opposite to those of the *Bona Dea*, that no female must be present at the ceremony. I am not at liberty to divulge this important secret, but will, for the satisfaction of the ladies, assure them, that they are not of a nature vastly beyond their apprehension; nay, on the contrary, may be easily understood, even by a miss in hanging-sleeves, provided she has had the happiness of a boarding-school education.

At the same time that I condemn my countrymen for separating themselves from those who have the art of refining every joy this world affords, I am

sorry to be obliged to observe, that the ladies themselves do in some measure contribute to this great evil. The scandalous practice, so prevalent at present, of giving up their whole thoughts; as well as time, to cards, has made the company of women, pardon the expression, extremely insipid to those who would willingly consider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon superior skill in the game of whist for a subsistence. Is it to be imagined, that a man, whose mind is the least raised above the vulgar, will devote that time which he may employ in conversing agreeably, either with the dead or the living, to those assemblies, where no ideas can enter beyond the respective excellencies of Garrick and Powel, and the several possible cases so profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. Hoyle? Yet from declining these places, I know many intimate friends who have acquired the odious character of women-haters, though at the same time they entertain the highest esteem for that amiable sex, and sincerely regret, that the tyrant fashion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company than a bare view of their persons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

Besides what I have already mentioned, another obstacle, extremely pernicious to society, proceeds from the excessive officiousness of the female world in cutting out matches. Mr. Pope has observed, that "every woman is at heart a rake," and I believe it is not less true, though I fear the assertion
will

will be much more offensive to the virgins of Britain, that "every woman is a fortune-hunter." This character is deservedly infamous in the male part of the creation, and we detest the man, though of an exceeding good family in Ireland, who, aided by the friendship and confidence of his taylor, makes a pompous display of the breadth of his shoulders, and the firmness of his calves; but conceive no indignation against the lovely nymph, who undresses herself in the same view with the most seducing art, and generously, much too generously for her own interest, exhibits every charm the happy man will be possessed of, who takes her to his bosom. The idea of entrapping somebody mixes so intimately with the general cast of thought in women, that they can never divest themselves of it, and if a gentleman pays that compliment to their beauty, which female pride would never pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themselves, that he must have a design of marriage. This notion once conceived, a convocation of aunts, old maids, discreet friends, prudent neighbours, &c. is assembled, when every circumstance must be discussed.—Miss intimates,—“He is very particular to me—what can he mean? He looked at me all the time he was here—sure he’ll propose soon.—Then did you remark, aunt Betty, when we talked of marriage, what he said?—He certainly means to have me.”—The result of this consultation is, that Miss must carry it with a proper reserve, in order to compel the imaginary lover

to declare himself, who, if he be a man of experience in the subtleties of women, instantly sees through the flimsy artifice, and discontinues his visits. I submit to the candor of every female reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal picture.—Can these angelic beings reasonably expect then, that a man will chuse to visit them, under the disagreeable alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious distance, or running the risk of being driven to the necessity of an awkward explanation?—No; while narrow sentiments of this kind prevail, it will be impossible to introduce a truly social converse between the sexes, which must be effected on the part of the ladies by an undesigning decent freedom, the inseparable companion of real virtue.—Let them assert their own dignity, and manifest a consciousness, that they were not created merely to be instrumental in the continuation of the species, but are endowed with intellectual faculties that qualify them for the sweet joys of society. Let them at length so far undeceive themselves, as to think, that a man may like their company, admire their virtues, nay, even their personal charms, and cherish the warmest friendship for them, without any intention of addressing them on the score of love; let them but offer this violence to the natural vanity of their sex and I will undertake to promise, that they will not long have reason to complain of being neglected.—Men of sense will then seek their company, and, what I hope may make some impression

sion on a female mind, will then think of them as partners for life.

AN ESSAY ON RETIREMENT.

TO be absolute master of one's own time and actions is an instance of liberty, which is not found but in solitude. A man that lives in a crowd is a slave, even though all that are about him fawn upon him, and give him the upper hand: they call him master or lord, and treat him as such; but as they hinder him from doing what he otherwise would, the title and homage which they pay him is flattery and contradiction.

Some run into this sort of bondage by a fondness for popularity, and the eclat of followers; and others through an impatience of being at any time by themselves. Poplicola lives at home in the midst of a multitude, and abroad in a mob. His house his every morning a market, where complimentary lies are sold for how d'ye's; and supple backs, and profound bows, are trafficked away for courteous nods, and gracious grins: in this great mart of adoration and condescension there are sometimes very good bargains to be got; you may have a place, or the promise of a place, for asking; and if you want fifty guineas, it is only belying his lordship with some few praises, and the money is yours. Tom Magpie, the ballad-maker, has earned
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of him twenty pounds at a time, only by presenting him with an humble face, and a doleful ditty now and then: but since Tom is grown old, and cannot sing so clear, nor bow so low as formerly, I hear the price is fallen; for the quality always measure the depth of your obeisance to an inch, and the nearer you throw your head to the ground, the more they are honoured: so that a tall man, if he has sense in him, may recommend himself to the nobility with great success; especially to the ladies. I myself missed preferment once, merely because I was two inches lower in stature than my competitor.

But to make an end of the character of Poplicola; his dressing-room is every morning crowded like a chapel; and, on the approach of the idol of the place, every knee bows, and all pay him incense: he then puts on his shirt, as a parson does his surplice, in the presence of a congregation, who, no doubt, are mightily obliged by the sight of his nakedness: every day at dinner he drinks a hundred healths, to shew his great courtesy to every one who sits at his table. It is thought Poplicola, every day of his life, disposes of ten thousand nods, and twenty thousand smiles, besides innumerable half-smiles, and several condescending winks, with shakes of the hand not a few. Poplicola lives to the world, and the world, makes the most of him: he has leisure and liberty for the service of all men, but for his own proper use he has none.

I have already said, that some run into this kind of vassalage from the impatience of being alone.

One

One of this sort seeks company to help him to enjoy himself, and at last, by his success that way, gets such a train of friends and coadjutors, that he has no enjoyment at all. Here, as in many other instances, pleasure is sought, and vexation found. Thus it is to be weary of ourselves, and not to know, with the great Scipio, how to be the least alone when we are alone.

I pity the case of some country gentlemen, who are obliged, by the senseless laws of rural hospitality, to keep open house and table for every worshipful blockhead, and others who have the complaisance to be troublesome to them, and to rob them of themselves for a whole day together. A gentleman, with whom I passed last summer, is singularly happy in a freedom from this sort of guests: when I was congratulating him and myself upon this, and enquiring into the reason of such uncommon felicity, "Why," says he, "you know
 "I don't drink; and I have maintained, in the hearing of some of my neighbours, that guzzling is
 "not the chief and ultimate end of man: besides,
 "it is reported currently among them, that I can
 "write and read. This character of me has frightened
 "all the true country 'squires, far and near, from
 "any acquaintance or conversation with me: they
 "have just understanding enough to dread common
 "sense."

I wish our fools of fashion in town would learn discretion from these their brethren in the country. Every little laced idiot about Covent-Garden will
 needs

needs have it to say, that he keeps company with men of wit; and so is eternally obliging and plaguing them with his conversation and his snuff-box: and they must suffer, that he may make speeches.

The only difference between a freeman and a slave is, that the former is in his own power, and the latter is subject to the will of another. To have one's hours and recess at the mercy of visitants and intruders, is arrant thralldom. There is as much reason and equity in robbing us of our health and our money, as of our time. For my part, I declare sincerely, I would rather lose a pound of blood sometimes, than sacrifice to company an afternoon which I had devoted to myself, though I had no other business to do but purely to follow my fancy, and give imagination its full play. I farther declare, that though I am an author, I had rather pay Jack Foible half a crown a time, than be entertained with his visits, and his compliments.

Nothing is so valuable as time; and he who comes undesired, to help you to pass it away, might, with the same civility and good sense, give you to understand, that he is come, out of pure love to you, with a coach and six, and his family, to help you to pass away your estate.

I ever loved retirement, and detested crowds. I would rather pass an afternoon amongst a herd of deer, than half an hour at a coronation; and sooner eat a piece of apple-pye in a cottage, than with a judge in a circuit. To lodge a night by myself in a cave would not grieve me so much as living half
a day

a day in a fair. It will look a little odd, when I have missed many a good sermon, for no other reason, but that many others were to hear it as well as myself; I have neither disliked the man, nor his principles, nor his congregation, singly; but all together I could not abide them.

Without complimenting myself, I always guess at people's dispositions and parts by their love or hatred of solitude. None but an innocent or a discerning mind can be fond of it; and few, that are vicious or weak, care for it: it requires capacity, because we must be able to entertain ourselves; and virtue, that we may bear reflection upon our past behaviour. Behold here a lesson and reproof for those who cannot live without company.

AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRIT OF CONTEMPT.

THERE is not in human nature a more odious disposition, than a proneness to contempt: nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man: for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence; and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will
find

find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their time in enquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely, that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren, as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals, which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species, in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me, that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say
it,

it, gives us some, the as many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection; so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate use of that self-examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself, than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this essay, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuatives against it, as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and there is scarce any one man who despises another, without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourable the Lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and taylor, in his chaise and one, "See there!" says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, "that rascal Buckram, with his fat wife,
"I sup-

“I suppose he is going to his country-house; for
 “such fellows must have their country-house as well
 “as their vehicle. These are the rascals that com-
 “plain of want of trade.” Buckram, on the other
 side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being
 run over, before he could get out of the way, than
 turning to his wife, he cries, “Very fine, faith! an
 “honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows
 “as these, who drive about their coaches and fix
 “with other people’s money. See, my dear, what
 “an equipage he hath, and yet he cannot find money
 “to pay an honest tradesman. He is above fifteen
 “hundred pounds deep in my books; how I despise
 “such lords!”

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting
 her eyes on an honest pawnbroker’s wife below her,
 eyes on an honest pawnbroker’s wife below her,
 bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that
 creature in the pit; “Did you ever see, lady Betty,”
 says she, “such a strange wretch? how the awkward
 “monster is dressed?” The good woman at the same
 time surveying lady Fanny, and offended perhaps
 at a scornful smile, which she sees in her coun-
 tenance,—whispers her friend,—“Observe lady
 “Fanny Rantun. As great airs as that fine lady gives
 “herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock
 “and key: what a contemptible thing is poor qua-
 “lity!”

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt
 than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless per-
 haps the splendid beau to the poor scholar! The

—quod 1”

philo-

philosopher and the world; the man of business, and the man of pleasure; the beauty and the wit; the hypocrite and the profligate; the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for five pence a day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments, for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-dust coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself, that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain, if he offends him,—"D——n you, Sir, who are you? is it not we that pays you?"

This contemptuous disposition is in reality the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top

or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a blackshoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. "Why should you despise him, Jack?" said the honest lad, "we are all what the Lord pleased to make us."

I will conclude this essay with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopt in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way; he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once—"D——n you, I will teach you manners to your betters." My friend could not easily, from these words, divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust cart drawn by asses.

A L E T T E R from a Gentleman at P A R I S.

TH E other day I had the following letter put into my hand by a friend who had just received it from an acquaintance who lately took a trip to Paris. As it exhibits a pretty lively picture of an Englishman who has set up the customs and manners of

of his own country, as the indisputable standard of what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds different from them with contempt, perhaps your readers will not be displeased to peruse it. I offer it them to you without farther apology, not doubting but it will be relished, at least by those who have had an opportunity of observing the ridiculous manner, in which our countrymen mispend their time in that elegant metropolis of the polite world.

I am,

Your constant reader.

DEAR HARRY, *Paris, Sept. 10, 1765.*

I HAVE been in this strange place about six weeks, and find myself in such a whimsical situation, that I may truly say, with Petulant, in the *Way of the World*, I am like a dog in a dancing-school. Upon our first arrival here, we took a *fiacre*, and drove to our banker, who lives up four pair of stairs. As he was our countryman, we thought him the most proper person to direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there were any good lodgings to be let in the *Rue de Boucherie*; for you must know, Harry, we were informed, before we left England, by some gentlemen who said they knew Paris very well, that we should take up our residence in that part of the town.—But the banker smiled at the question, and told us, that the English gentlemen

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had

had deserted that famous street ever since the harlequin at the Italian comedy, in making love to his mistress, told her, among other professions of his passion, that he loved her as violently as my Lord *Anglois* did the *Ruë de Boucherie*. He added, that he would take care to fix us in proper lodging, and conducted us to Peyri Baigneur, in the *Ruë Dauphine*, who accommodated us with a very good apartment. Our next care was to equip ourselves in the fashion of the country. Accordingly we sent for a taylor, and Jack Commons, who jabbbers a little French, directed him to make us two suits; which he brought us the next morning at ten o'clock, and made complete Frenchmen of us. But for my part, Harry, I was so damned uneasy in a full-dressed coat, which I had never been used to, that I thought myself as much deprived of my liberty, as if I had been in the Bastile; and I frequently sighed for my little loose frock, which I look upon as an emblem of our happy constitution; for it lays a man under no uneasy restraint, but leaves it in his power to do as he pleases. I must not forget to inform you, that we hired a Swiss servant, whom they call here valet de place; and to him we entrusted the management of every thing, which saves us a great deal of trouble; and I really believe the fellow to be extremely honest, for I do not find that I spend more money here than in London. As it is absolutely necessary to have a coach at Paris, we engaged a *remise* during our stay; and indeed it was indispensably incumbent upon to us set up an equipage,

equipage, for we commenced lords immediately upon entering the Fauxbourg St. Germain.—
 Z——ds, Harry, these people think, that every man who looks aukward, and throws away his money is an English Lord; nay, they are so liberal of this title, that they call the English taylors and peruke-makers, who sometimes pay them a visit, *des petits my lords*. You may believe, my friend, I was very desirous to see their theatrical entertainments.—I have indeed been at one or other of them every night. They are d——d strange, Sir,—not the thing by any means.—I do not, it is true, understand the language, but their manner is quite different from ours.—The players seldom or ever throw out the voice with any vehemence, but speak in as natural a manner as if they were off the stage—that would not be borne with us. You know, however, the French are pleased with it, as they know no better. The first time I was at the play-house, I imagined there had been a riot the night before; for I observed there were no benches in the pit: but in this I was mistaken, for there never are any seats in that part of the house; the reason is, I suppose, because a Frenchman could not sit still during the performance. With respect to the manner of living, Harry, it is intolerable. By Heavens! I should have been starved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an Irish Abbé of Lombard College, one Mr. M'Manus, a very good sort of a man, though a Popish priest. He has a cursed queer way of talking indeed, his accent being a

mixture of the brogue and the French cadence, and his phrases generally literal translations from the French. He is notwithstanding a d——d honest fellow, and will get drunk with any of his friends at a minute's warning. If it had not been for this gentleman, who conducted me to a little place kept by an English woman, where I got a leg of mutton and turnips and beef steaks, I should have been obliged to set out post for England.—'Tis true, upon honour—my life was at stake—I could by no means live upon their soup and bully, and fouty kickshaws made of stinking meat. Their wines, it must be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is used to them; but at first they seem prodigious weak; they have not half the body of our wines in England; but that is easily accounted for, the best growths being always sent to us; at least Venables and Tompkins tell me so. In mentioning Kemp's, for it still bears her name, though she has been dead some time, I should have told you of an ugly scrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into company with an officer of the Scotch troops in the French King's service, and I began to hum him about party affairs; but, d——n me, he soon gave me to understand that I was on the wrong side the water for that fun, and insisted that I should give immediate satisfaction. Gad, I reflected it would be confoundedly silly to get pinked in a Popish country, where they would not allow me Christian burial; and so I asked his pardon, and the affair was made up by the meditation of Abbé M'Manus.

This

This has cured me from attempting any sport of that kind while I stay here. You will be surprized perhaps, that I give you no account of the people. To tell you the truth, my friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an ordinary, and the company were so remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a design upon me; but my friend Jack Commons, who has studied the law, and knows these things, tells me this excessive politeness proceeds from their living under an arbitrary government. I cannot help laughing at the immense number of Chevaliers de St. Louis, which I meet every where. These gentlemen are as numerous here, as knights have been in the city of London since the year forty-three. They wear a little enamelled cross hanging to a red ribbon, which is fixed in a button-hole of the coat; and most of them have a streak of dirt on their white silk stockings, about an inch above the shoe, which, I suppose, is part of the order. As to the government of this country, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it, for I am satisfied with old England, and there will end my days. I have had very few amours since I left England, for I do not know how it is, I am d——d shy of the women here, they are so devilish sprightly—I know three or four of them, whom my barber recommended me to, but they are not of the first class.

To conclude, dear Harry, Mr. M'Manus has carried me through all the curiosities in and about Paris, and now my time lies very heavy on my

hands; for as I have no acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any connexion with people in a strange country, I am at a loss what to do with myself in an evening. The day I contrive to pass away tolerably well, in fauntering in the Tuilleries until dinner, which brings all the English together at Kemp's; from thence we adjourn to Procope's, until it is time to go to the play, which kills the time till about half an hour after eight; but when the actors dismiss us, we are perplexed to determine how we shall dispose of ourselves, and are in the end obliged, in our own defence, to return to Kemp's, and play a game at whist. This way of life will not do with me, and in about a fortnight you may expect to see me, when we will laugh over these strange scenes at the Shakespeare.

I am sincerely yours, &c.

AN ESSAY in Praise of GOOD LIVING.

THE pleasure which comes from the gratification of any appetite, bears proportion to the force or feebleness of that appetite: and it is very lucky and providential that it thus happens; for if the same agreeable sensations which are occasioned by a compliance with the demands of nature, and are, in health, so quick and exquisite, did continue with us in time of sickness, we should be apt to indulge them,

them, and by clogging the wheels of life, put an end to it: but disorders taking off the edge of appetite, nature is at leisure to rescue itself from a present grievance.

To humour nature is necessary; and to follow her as far as she will go without a spur, is lawful; but to provoke her, when she grows rusty, to new employments, to cram her after satiety, is madness and self-murder. The root of this vice is in the imagination; for our fancy belyes our abilities, making them greater than they are, and we take its word, and are led by flattering inclinations into continual pursuits of new pleasure, which end in disappointment or pain. When therefore our desires outrun our strength, it is high time to rebuke them.

I design this as a preface to a dissertation upon eating, which I have chosen for the subject of my present essay.

“I was acquainted,” says a merry fellow of my acquaintance, “with a venerable father of the
“Popish church beyond sea, who was remarkable
“for two things; a great stock of faith, and as
“great a stomach. He believed all the lying mi-
“racles of their saints, and eat all the capons within
“seven miles of him. This reverend glutton had
“already, by the incessant industry of his grinders,
“built himself three stories of chin, and laid the
“foundation of a fourth, when I met him one
“morning exceedingly dejected, and wofully out of
“humour: How now, dear devourer, said I to him,
“why

“why so gloomy? is the pantry empty, or does
 “the spit stand still? He told me, no; their kitchen
 “was warm, and their table well loaded, and they
 “had choice and plenty thrice a day, and often,
 “even four times a day. Why then, said I, in the
 “name of beads and holy water, my most religious
 “father, in what branch of gluttony doth thy grief
 “consist? for I know, if those catholic guts of
 “thine prosper, neither heaven nor earth can
 “disturb thee. Why, says he, wiping his eyes,
 “and fetching a great sigh, in my mind a man
 “should always be eating.”

Now, though I do not think that a man should
 be always filling himself, and growing in grease,
 according to the laudable principle and practice of
 this holy and reverend friar, who by his trade had
 little else to do but gormandize, yet I freely allow
 there is a good deal of pleasure in eating; and I
 fancy he that should set up to live without it,
 would soon make a slender figure, and be forced,
 in a short time, either to resume the use of his
 teeth, or die a lean martyr to abstinence.

Temperance is the mid-way between gluttony
 and fasting, and neither permits us to suffocate our
 senses on the one hand, nor to emaciate our bodies
 on the other hand. One extreme makes us stupid,
 and the other peevish. The first renders us unfit
 to act at all, the second makes us fanciful, and
 consequently to act wrong. If there be any pre-
 ference, it lies on the side of luxury; for who
 would not rather be useless or sleepy, than illnatured
 or whimsical?

Fasting

Fasting being practised by holy men of old, as a means to recommend their prayers and themselves to the acceptance of heaven, all churches have come into the use of it, either at stated times, or occasionally. But, now-a-days, though the name remains, the thing is much laid aside: and on Wednesdays and Fridays, beef, mutton, and poultry are in as good repute as at other times. There are indeed some, who, with the necessary help of a good breakfast in the morning, are now and then piously disposed to fast till the evening, and then, by eating a double meal, beg pardon of their appetite for their godliness, and sacrifice to their belly, for having sinned against it. In short, this generation, whether they have consulted carnal reason, or the example of their teachers, I can't tell, seem to be of opinion, that God Almighty can have no pleasure in beholding his creatures ill-favoured and hide-bound; and it must be owned, that his ministers, in every country, keep themselves so plump, and in such good case, as if they placed but little devotion in the griping of the guts.

As there is a sensible and a necessary pleasure attending the performance of every office of nature, it is impossible to satisfy hunger without it; and they contradict common sense and experience, and themselves into the bargain, who make it a crime; and those who make it a duty to eat without delight, must starve before they can practise their own precept. A gentleman in the army told me some time ago, that while he was in Scotland, being entertained

tained at a gentleman's table, he happened to commend very highly a dish of fish, which tasted very deliciously: but an austere parson of the kirk, who was present, taking it for a sign of reprobation, that he was pleased with his victuals; "Sir," quoth he to the officer, "while you pamper the flesh, I wish
 "you do not starve the inward man; the soul is not
 "fed at the mouth, and you ought not to lust after
 "the food which perisheth." The colonel told me, that this short sermon, when he was minding better things, made him stare; "But," says he, "perceiving
 "that my ghostly adviser was two yards round the
 "middle, I assured him, I would be admonished
 "by his example; for I saw by his tabernacle his
 "food did not perish; and then took t'other cut."

I have often observed, that eating is a rare help to good humour. I knew an old fellow, who, from his first getting up in a morning, made it his constant employment to scold at his family till he sat down to dinner; and then the first mouthful of pudding calmed his fretful heart, and made him pleased with his wife, and all the world: he was particularly fond of beef, which he called Protestant victuals; and used to say, there was religion and liberty in an English sir-loin; but that French cookery was like the Latin mass, and nobody knew what was in it: he therefore wished, that soups and ragoûs were out of fashion; for that, in his opinion, they favoured strangely of Popery and wooden shoes. "Let
 "us," says he old man, "in the name of liberty
 "and full bellies, stick to beef and pudding; and
 "then

"then I'll ensure church and state for half a
"crown."

I am one of those persons who think, that there is much satisfaction in a hearty meal; and, as my luck this way is pretty good, I confess I make the most of it; having for these two last months been more than ordinary happy in my company, diet, and diversions, I doubt not but my reader can easily discover that my labours relish highly of the brightest French wine, the richest venison, and the politest conversation. I am sorry to add, that my enjoyment of these blessings is at present somewhat ruffled by the arbitrary spirit of a member of parliament, who is come on a visit to the gentleman whose debtor I am for all the above-named pleasures. This dogmatical person, because he has a finger in making laws for the nation, sets up for a ruler of my throat, and pretends to prescribe laws to my stomach, which it is well if I can do myself. He has a smart appetite, and therefore I would be well enough contented, if I might be allowed to keep close to his example in the manufacture of the teeth; but he is like other legislators, and scorns to stand to his own statutes: he watches every morsel that I cut; and when he sees me making my fourth tour, with knife in hand, towards the haunch, he seizes my weapon, cries, "Pry'thee, author, don't oppress your genius with roast meat, but keep your brains in tune for the public." And when he has thus pinned me down to involuntary temperance, he puts out his fork, without e'er a blush
in

in his face, and recruits his plate with the other half pound of venison. If I eat a small slice of ham for supper, he holds up his hands, and wonders where I can find stowage; but he, at the same time, devours a couple of partridges, and swallows a quart of codlins and cream; and then wipes his mouth, and gives us to know, that he has made a slender supper, because he intends to sleep sound. He this very day spoiled my dinner; and, for aught I know, by that means, this essay; I was, however, resolved to write upon a subject, which this merciless tyrant keeps me, as much as he can, from knowing by experience. How to deal with him, I know not. If I should challenge him, he might perhaps, like others of his house, plead privilege, or, which is as bad, though not so likely, take me at my word.

But as this essay grows too long, I must suppress or defer twenty good things which I have to say of eating; and finish my present panegyric upon it with a word of advice to the glutton. And I assure him, as hard a doctrine as he may think it, that cramming is not the chief end of man: I must also inform him, that, upon diligent search, he will find a thing within him called the mind, which ought to be fed as well as his belly, and yet has lain long starved and neglected; and, in fine, I must desire him, while he is wholly taken up in cultivating the life and genius of a pig, not to forget altogether that he has an human face, and had once a human shape. Lord Gormond will, I hope, take this hint; and presently dismiss, at least,

half

half a dozen of his twenty cooks, and not overload his limbs at every meal, as he does; so as they cannot carry him from table without the assistance of ten servants.

General REMARKS on our THEATRES.

SINCE the opening of our theatres, all Grubstreet, as usual, has been busy in offering its advice to the managers. We have been told of their want of judgment, capacity, and candour; we have been entertained with wise disquisitions on tones, attitudes, and enunciations, and our slightest pleasures have been commented upon by didactic dullness. Our actors have been instructed to amuse us by rule, and the chimes have been rung, till we are stunned, upon feeling, action, pathos, and spirit, and many other precious terms that escape my memory.—As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a shew of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than amongst the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-
bred

bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may shew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment; we scarce see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive; the Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask; one actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though

though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with. To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays I have seen at Paris: in the *Miser*, the French comedian, in the character of Lovegold, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket with great assiduity. Two candles were lighted up for his wedding; he flies and turns one of them into the socket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. In the *Mock Doctor* also, the French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital, but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail applause. But instead of this we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut, and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull

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up their breeches. These, if once, or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design, but to remark upon the stage; but there are several apparent improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their cloaths; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-Lane. Our little pages also with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility: but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, I have seen an actress that might act the Wapping Landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new raised troops, but in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

Of the EXPEDIENTS to get rid of TIME.

THE several busy actions of men, and the perpetual means they contrive to find themselves employment, are only so many arts to get rid of life without dying. We are in haste to get over the present moment, and grasping at something future, which, when it comes, will also cloy us. We grow weary of an instant enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, passionately longed for it: and conceive pleasure in the prospect of one at a distance; but when we have overtaken it, it grows tasteless, and, as contradictory as it may seem, discontent arises from gratification. Thus our life lies in hope, and is in a restless succession of satiety and desire.

But though experience shews us the vanity and emptiness of our wishes, we are for ever starting and indulging new ones, with as little success; and our hopes and desires, though they are continually baffled, are for all that continually rising. The greatest prince lives as much upon expectation as the meanest slave; and, as he has fewer things to wish for, as being already master of all things, he is the more unhappy person of the two; especially if he carries in his bosom the restless sting of ambition. Though he commands every thing in his own territory, yet he cannot enjoy it, because it is his; and so with great slaughter and violence makes a prey of his neighbour's property, which yet does not pall his appetite for more.

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The great business, therefore, and hurry of the world, is nothing else but diversion, and a way of wasting the time; and princes go to war as they do to a hunting-match, to keep themselves in exercise. Great men strive for scepters and white staves, as children do for whistles and bells, only to play with them; and when they plague and harass mankind about these their baubles, they do it but to entertain themselves. The mischief and misery of the world is, to one of these mighty infants, no more than a matter of mirth and amusement. To Alexander the great, Cæsar, Hannibal, and the like children of blood, fighting was like a game at tennis-ball; and when they were men, they rode upon provinces, as they did upon hobby-horses, when they were boys. But whether in infancy or age, an impatience to stand still and be quiet begot both these different exercises. Cutting of throats is as much a piece of sport to a warrior, as playing at marbles is to a child. The overrunning of provinces, and the plundering of nations, are to him but taking of the air; and he kills, burns, and ravages to pass away the time.

There is nothing more ridiculous in men, or argues greater ignorance of themselves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, we will do such a thing, or such a thing, and then have done, Alas! there is no stopping the progress of the passions without extinguishing life: a fire will as soon burn without air. While there is life there will be desires; and these being of things to come, it is im-

possible to confine them to the present instant, or any stated point of time: we cannot say to them, Thus far go, and no further, since progression is necessary to their existence. There is no medium between death and motion; and when we cease to proceed, we cease to be.

To be doing, therefore, is a consequence of living; and idleness is but a deliberation of what is to be done next. Old men are generally blamed for laying platforms and foundations of great works and buildings, which they cannot live to see finished; but I think the censure is groundless, since by this means they cut out certain business and entertainment for themselves, and open a source of perpetual new action and observation, and consequently of new pleasure. Such lasting projects are therefore proper methods to keep up and encourage expectation, which is the food and relief of life. Our whole delight is in proceeding.

Besides, these gentlemen who turn undertakers when it is grown late in life, do seldom or never consider, that they must depart and leave their schemes unexecuted: they think they have got a knack of living; and as every man is apt to prefer himself to all the rest, he is also apt to flatter himself with the hopes of better fortune, and longer life, than any other enjoys.

There was a gentleman in Devonshire, who, after he was fourscore, planted in a field a row of walnut-trees, which, it seems, do not bear fruit in many years after they are set: and when a
neigh-

neighbour told him, that the boys would steal all the nuts, "Oh," says old eighty, "let me alone to deal with the boys." And Mr. Hobbs, in the ninetieth year of his age, made him a warm winter-coat, which he said must last him three years, and then he would have such another.

The famous dialogue between Pyrrhus king of Epirus, and Cineas his prime counsellor, is full of instruction, and excellently sets forth the restless spirit of man.

"What, Sir, do you propose in this expedition against the Romans?" says Cineas. "To conquer all Italy," answers Pyrrhus. "And what next?" says the counsellor. "Then we will transport our army into Sicily, and make that kingdom our own," replied his majesty. "And what is to be done then?" continued Cineas. "Then," quoth the hero, "we will sail to Africa, and bring the country under subjection." "And what remains to be done after that?" says the statesman. "Why?" "then," says the monarch, "we will sit down and be merry." "And what hinders us, I beseech you, Sir, from doing so now?" said Cineas.

What answer the king gave to this last question, is either not said, or I have forgot; but it is certain he made fighting his constant diversion to the last gasp, and never came an inch nearer to that same merry hour, which he proposed as the heroic end and issue of all his bravery and battles. He was knocked on the head in an assault upon the city of Argos, and so died in his calling.

Many are the arts and devices practised by weak mortals to dispatch their time: they are equally impatient of idleness and action; every hour is a burden, and they must be doing somewhat to make them forget that they are tired; and when the expedient itself grows also tiresome, as it soon does, then they try another. Thus they go on in an eternal round of curiosity and weariness, and subsist upon looking forward.

The methods of wearing away our days are as various as the humours and capacities of mankind. Some, as has been observed before, lead armies; some disturb the public in a civil way; some make speeches; and some pick their teeth. Snuff has got great and universal reputation this way, and the takers of it can recreate their whole body with a little labour of the fingers and the nose. I know an eminent serjeant at law, who finds curious diversion in drawing a string through his fingers; and tying knots upon it; and most of his learned brethren keep themselves in practice by stroking down the sides of their perukes with remarkable gravity. The ladies divert themselves with tea, and slander, and visits, and their fans, and several other amusements, about which I shall say nothing. There are some few of both sexes, who find devotion as good a stratagem as any to shake off time, and so make piety a considerable diversion. With others, gaming is in great repute, for wasting their money, and their time, with wonderful facility. About the Royal Exchange, tricking and over-reaching are notable
and

and approved cures for laziness; but at court, there are no means known or practised.

Since therefore people will be ever doing something, the best advice I can give them is, that while they are amusing themselves they do not prejudice others. It is contrary to reason and religion, that one man should reap sorrow from the recreation of another. Every one has a title to make himself happy, provided he does it at no one's expence but his own. Innocent diversions, though ever so trifling, are lawful; and we have a right upon these terms to rejoice in our own folly. And whoever thinks to be severe upon it, will find, that those animadversions can do the world but little good, which are made upon trifles that do it no hurt.

AN ESSAY ON A LIFE OF INDEPENDENCE.

FEW virtues have been more praised by moralists, than generosity; every practical treatise of Ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor, praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprized there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to shew that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit

feit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude; the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind; but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more, who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even
make

make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new; such I grant can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be; dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner therefore long continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give, that the other has to expect; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour; such is not the dependence I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all; this universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have

have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company; thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality lessens it; increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views, but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this the great often dismiss their old dependents, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No,

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame; serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence: the man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest, and lovely, far more lovely the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

A good TASTE in Eating the true STANDARD
of MERIT.

CALLIGULA never suffered any thing at his table but what was procured with the utmost difficulty and expence; therefore, when he was at the greatest distance from the sea, he always made lenten feasts.

The small ill taste prevailing among the English quality, no doubt, gave rise to the trite proverb, "Far fetch'd and dear bought, is food for ladies." To us the familiar practice of esteeming things by the length of time required, and the hazards run to import them, and not by their intrinsic value, has made our wonder cease: but were a man of good sense, a stranger to this common vanity, to see a
person

person pay fifty guineas for as many Indian birds nests dissolved in a soup not sufficient to satisfy the appetite of a hungry peasant, and know the same person had fifty duns at his levee every morning, who, while he threw away their substance, were wanting necessary support for their families; would he not deem such a one more criminal than the poor half-starved wretch; who, by endeavouring to prolong a miserable life, is deprived of it by the sentence of the law, which gives him up to the executioner to be suspended as unworthy of either heaven or earth? But the most favourable sentence he could pass on such a thoughtless and unjust procedure, must be confinement and a dark room till the offender had recovered the use of his reason, and the investing his estate, till he was himself capable of acting, in the hands of trustees, for the preservation of his family and the doing justice to his creditors. How much below the dignity of a reasonable being does he act, who studies nothing but the gratifying his palate; who ransacks earth and sea to please his taste, lavishes his estate to have the reputation of keeping an elegant table; not only swallows his own fortune, but the fortunes of his creditors; by his delicacies brings his children to the want of necessaries, as the English proverb says, "To leap at a crust;" and thus, by his luxury, entails want and misery on his posterity?

Epicurus, who never admitted any thing at his table but when it was first in season, or brought from some other clime; who had no relish for pease
which

which did not cost a guinea a plate; was sick at the sight of a mackarel under five half-crowns; could not taste any but virgin pullets; has sent an hundred and fifty miles for a dish of fresh sturgeon, and whose gardener has rode post an hundred and twenty with a couple of cucumbers; lives now three parts of the year on sheep's hearts, and the refuse of the markets. Epicurus was not so vain in his fine equipage, as of his elegant taste, and his great skill in knowing the critical seasons for all viands; and he was as much overjoyed at an opportunity of speaking on this topic, as Archimedes was at the finding out of the hydrostatic balance; nay, the wretchedness of his condition has not yet had strength to banish this vanity, and he comforts himself in the want of every thing, with the reflection, that nobody understands good eating better, or kept a more polite table than himself. I was one day desired by an acquaintance of mine, who knew the straits he was in, to leave a guinea, he gave me for him, at his lodgings, it being in the way to the place I was going to. I found him with a pair of compasses in his hand, drawing circles on a paper. I asked him, if he was studying the mathematics? "No;" said he, "but as I was alone, I diverted myself with my own thoughts: I was thinking of the absurdities I remarked once at a high-heriff's feast, where there was abundance of good meat spoiled in the dressing, and placed on the table without the least symmetry. At the head were set all sort of jellies, which claim

"the

“the center; and in the center were set mush-
 “rooms, sweet-breads, pease, fat livers, and pup-
 “ton of quinces, without the least regard to order
 “or decency; and every one knows, these, regu-
 “larly disposed, arrogate to themselves the upper
 “end of the board. As I remember the dishes per-
 “fectly well, I was disposing of them in their pro-
 “per station: I have made these circles to represent
 “the different plates: I have posed the last men-
 “tioned at, as I have already said they have just
 “pretensions to claim, the head of the table: as
 “squires on each hand, I have raised five turkey
 “pouts, with a larded one in the centre. On the
 “right and on the left I have set down three brace
 “of partridges swimming in gravy, which the ab-
 “surd fool, who had the ordering of this table, had
 “set as supporters to the pyramid of sweet-meats.”
 He proceeded to shew me how he had marshalled
 about forty other dishes, and the blunders he had
 rectified. But telling him, I was an entire novice
 in the art of cookery, with some emotion he threw
 aside his paper, and said, “He wondered a gentle-
 “man who had travelled should be ignorant of
 “what the French allowed a necessary, nay, an
 “essential qualification for a man of rank and for-
 “tune. Sir,” continued he, “my teaching the
 “marshal Villeroy to grill a beef-steak à l’Angloise,
 “gave me a greater reputation at the court of
 “France than the most artful minister ever gained
 “by his negotiations. In return, the marshal en-
 “gaged the cardinal—to let me into the secret of
 farcing

“farcing sturgeon with vipers tails, and to teach
 “me the method of making a sauce of sparrows
 “brains to a dish of flaming tongues. The genius
 “of a nation is known by its taste in cookery. I
 “conclude the Dutch to be a phlegmatic people,
 “from their water zooties. The Spaniards are
 “revengeful; and their great use of garlic and spices
 “speaks them so; and if you can but tell me the
 “favourite viands of a people, I will immediately
 “tell you their propensity: so that to be an able
 “statesman, it is absolutely necessary to be a perfect
 “cook: nothing, as Mr. Lamb says in his preface
 “to the treatise of Royal Cookery, has given the
 “English so great a character abroad, as the ele-
 “gance of their tables at home. I will quote his
 “own words: “I may venture to say, that our
 “credit and esteem with foreign ministers, has, in a
 “great measure, been built and supported on this
 “foundation; for those whose shortness of parts,
 “or perhaps residence amongst us, would not
 “qualify them to remark upon the nicer parts of
 “our constitution, have yet gone away with such
 “a relish of our magnificence, as to lament their
 “own barrenness, whenever they reflected on the
 “flesh-pots they left behind them.” “Where you see
 “he judiciously makes good eating part of our
 “constitution; and a little before this, he sets our
 “public entertainments on a foot with the Roman
 “triumphs and ovations: “I was at dinner once at
 “Carthagene with the governor; the serjeant-major
 “was at table; he had been in England, and enter-

"tained me all dinner-time with the excellencies of
 "English roast beef: he thought it tautology to
 "mention the intrepidity of the English, their ge-
 "nerosity, and other remarkable virtues; or he
 "very justly thought they were all included in
 "roast beef. Were I in the ministry, I would en-
 "deavour at an act of parliament, which should for-
 "bid any young gentleman's travelling till he had
 "passed his examination in the king's kitchen, as a
 "lieutenant does at the Admiralty." When he had
 ended, I discharged my trust; and Epicurus, on the
 receipt of the gold, begged I would do him the honour
 to take part of a couple of boiled mullets, and a
 plate of ruffs, which were in their prime in March.
 He was sorry the guinea would not hold out to
 accompany them with a battelio pie, and a pottage
 fante. The recital of this gentleman's inveterate
 folly, and his inviting me to be a witness how well
 he employed my friend's charity, put me in mind
 a part of the eleventh satire of Juvenal.

*But when poor Rutilus spends all his worth,
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
 'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests,
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts?*

GRATITUDE incompatible with LOVE; an
ESSAY.

A PROPER application of benefits will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those we converse with. Love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, nor rewards increase, and no liberality can continue it. The very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections, and voluntarily mix gratitude with passion.

Imparted fortune, and well placed liberality, may procure the benefactor esteem; may load the person obliged, with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate: this is gratitude; and gratitude for benefits received is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow.

But love and gratitude are almost opposite affections. Love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our esteem. We love some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and part from it with reluctance; love for love being all the reward we expect or desire. Gratitude, on

the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits are a load till we have discharged the obligation; every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what they owe, as thinking it in some measure cancels the obligation.

Thus one is the most easy and agreeable; the other, the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he who has bound us to him by benefits, alone rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom. They are seldom therefore found in the same breast without impairing each other; we must be contented either with giving love or gratitude to those we converse with, for they cannot have both together. Men may be too much obliged; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large an arrear, and all additional benefits only diminish every hope of future return.

In all our connections with society, therefore, it is not only generous but prudent to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow; love and friendship must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force; in conferring benefits, we should seem ignorant that we oblige; and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections;

fections; for constraint will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition. A benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due; but it were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on such an occasion; for we receive but little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude, while they cost him very much from whom we exact them in return.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying, while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," cries the hermit in a severe tone; "men deserve not to be obliged; but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in; examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, whose actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here, in the forest, I shall find no flatterers: the lion is an open enemy, and

“the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can
 “poison the bowl, and smile when he presents it.”
 “You have then been used ill by mankind?” inter-
 rupted the philosopher dryly. “Yes,” returned the
 hermit; “on mankind I have exhausted my whole
 “fortune; and this staff, and that cup, and those
 “roots, are all that I have in return.” “Did you
 “bestow your fortune among them, or did you
 “only lend it?” returned Mencius. “I bestowed
 “it undoubtedly,” replied the other; “for where
 “were the merits of being a money-lender?” “Did
 “they ever own that they received your benefits?”
 still adds the philosopher. “A thousand times,”
 cries the hermit; “they every day loaded me with
 “professions of gratitude for favours received, and
 “solicitations for future.” If then,” says Mencius
 smiling, “you did not lend your fortune in order
 “to have it returned, it is injustice to accuse them
 “of ingratitude: they owned themselves obliged;
 “you expected no more; and they certainly earn a
 “favour, who stoop to acknowledge the obligation.”
 The hermit was struck with the reply; and, sur-
 veying his guest with great emotion, “I have
 “heard of the great Mencius, and thou certainly
 “art the man: I am now fourscore years old, but
 “still a child in wisdom; take me back to the world,
 “and educate me as one of the most ignorant and
 “youngest of thy disciples.”

“Indeed, my son, it is better to have friends in
 “our passage through life than admirers; and as love
 “is a more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute
 “than

"than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when
 "greatly obliged, gratitude once refused can never
 "after be recovered: the mind that is base enough
 "to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any
 "uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new
 "acquired freedom, and in some measure is pleased
 "with conscious baseness. Very different is the
 "situation of disagreeable friends; their separation
 "produces mutual uneasiness, like that divided
 "being in fabulous creation; their sympathetic
 "souls once more desire their former union, the
 "joys of both are imperfect, their gayest moments
 "tinged with uneasiness; each seeks the smallest
 "concessions to clear the way to a wished-for ex-
 "planation; the most trifling acknowledgment, the
 "slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual agree-
 "ment. But, instead of pursuing the thought,
 "permit me to soften the severity of my advice by
 "an European story which fully serves to illustrate
 "my meaning.

"A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through
 "life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good
 "friends, at others not quite so well; one day hap-
 "pened to have a dispute, which was conducted
 "with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife
 "was sure she was right; and the husband was re-
 "solved to have his own way. What was to be
 "done in such a case? The quarrel grew worse by
 "their explanations; and at last their fury rose to
 "such a pitch, that each made a vow never to sleep
 "in the same bed for the future. This was the

“most rash vow that could be imagined; for they
 “still were friends at bottom, and besides they had
 “but one bed in the house: however, resolved they
 “were to go through with it; and, as they had not
 “separate beds, at night the fiddle-case was laid be-
 “tween them in order to make a separation. In
 “this manner they continued for three weeks;
 “every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier
 “to divide them. By this time, however, each heart-
 “ily repented of their vow, their resentment was
 “at an end, and their love began to return; they
 “wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too
 “much spirit to submit. One night, however, as
 “they were both lying awake, with the detested
 “fiddle-case between them, the husband happened
 “to sneeze; to this the wife, as is usual in such
 “cases, bid God bless him: “Ay, but,” returns the
 “husband, “Giles, do you say that from your heart?”
 “Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas,” cries his wife;
 “I say it with all my heart.” “If so then,” says the
 “husband, “I fancy we had as good remove the
 “fiddle-case.”

The F O L L Y of attempting to learn W I S D O M
 in R E T I R E M E N T.

BOOKS, while they teach us to respect the in-
 terests of others, often make us unmindful of our
 own; while they instruct the youthful reader to
 grasp

grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike therefore the philosopher who describes the inconveniencies of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniencies till he severely feels them.

A youth, who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vice and to love virtue: warm therefore in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begins his disappointments: upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind
clouded

clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings; none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendship with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury; at length therefore he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking: philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he shall shew the world in himself one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation: “Come then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the
“wise! Temperance, health, and frugality walk in
“thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy
“companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee of
“whom

“whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running
“brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy
“nature; man wants but little, nor that little long.
“Come then, O Poverty! while kings stand by and
“gaze with admiration at the true philosopher’s re-
“signation.”

The goddess appears; for Poverty ever comes at
the call: but, alas! he finds her by no means the
charming figure books and his own imagination had
painted. As when an eastern bride, whom her
friends and relations had long described as a model
of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bride-
groom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen
before; but instead of a countenance blazing with
beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting
icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her
new entertainer; all the fabric of enthusiasm is at
once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon
its ruins; while contempt, with pointing finger, is
foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings
to look at him while he is eating; he finds, that in
proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its
back upon him, and gives him leave to act the phi-
losopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be
agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we
are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what
signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment,
and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one
creature will assist at the exhibition? Thus is he
forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satis-
faction

faction even of self-applause; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility; or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation; and commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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J.C.

Beauties

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